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Section 4

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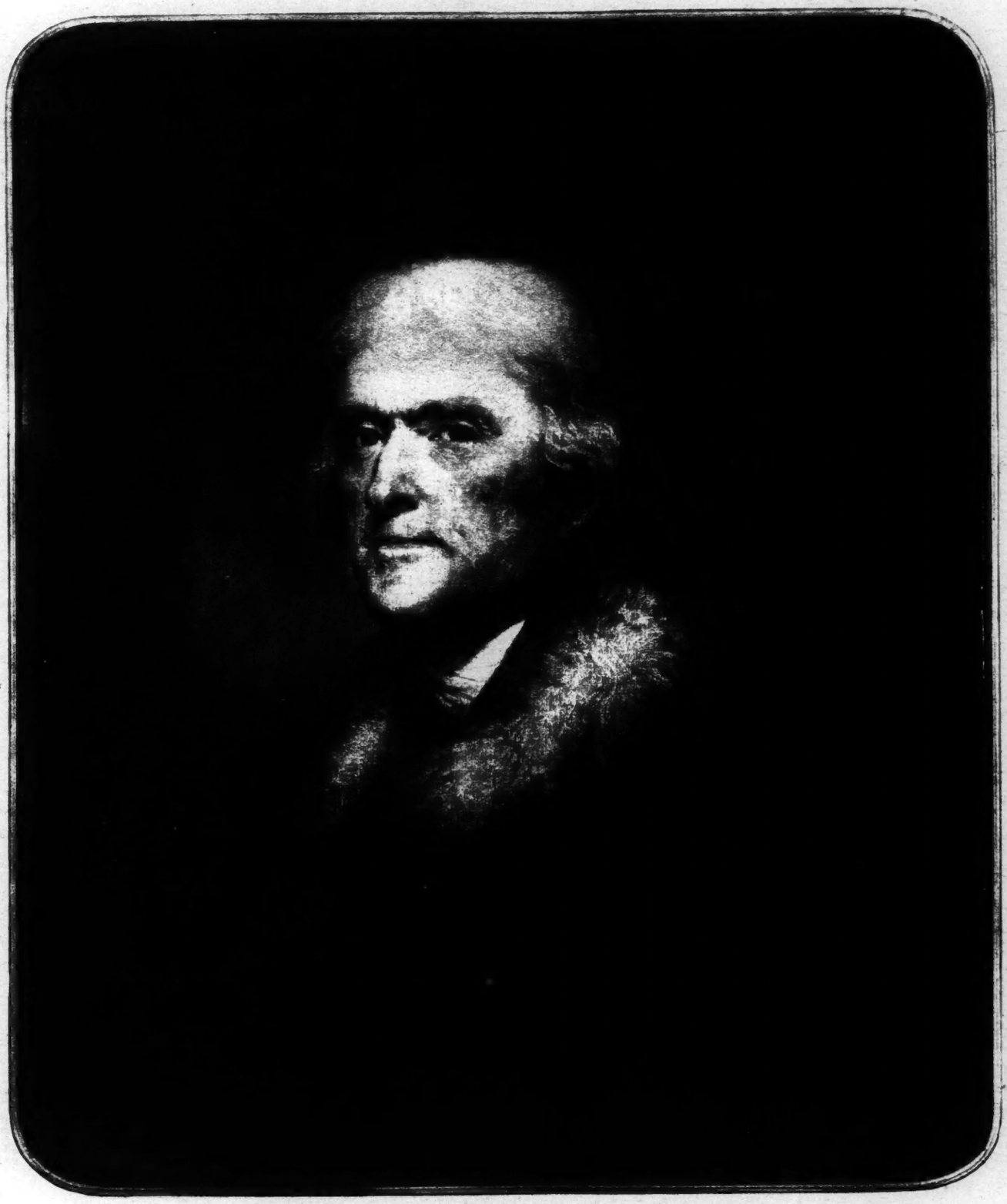


THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Rare Portrait of Thomas Jefferson, Painted by Rembrandt Peale. Today Marks a Notable Double Anniversary—The 150th Year After the Adoption of the Declaration and the Centennial of the Death of Jefferson, Who Drew It Up.

150 YEARS AGO TODAY: A NATION IS BORN

The Declaration of Independence, Approved by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, Blazed the Trail of Democracy in the Great Adventure of Human Government

By R. L. DUFFUS.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago today there was announced to the world, for the first time in history, the establishment of a government based upon the belief "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." On that day there began to live the ideal, if not the final achievement, of that "government of the people, by the people and for the people" which Lincoln was so eloquently and so heroically to defend.

The words have been worn smooth by the flow of a century and a half of time. If we could revive them in their original freshness, straight from Thomas Jefferson's pen, we might recapture the thrill of the first Fourth. For at that time and in those words was flung out the first great challenge of democracy, a challenge so splendid and so daring that it may be America has not yet realized its full significance.

We do not know, and never shall know, all that took place on the first Fourth of July. The flesh and blood of the event is mostly buried with those who enacted it. We do not know whether or not it is true that Hancock, straightening up after he had affixed the most famous signature in the records of calligraphy, exclaimed: "There! John Bull can read my name without spectacles." We may hope he said it, we may be sure it would have been typical of the man, but that is all.

A Pledge to Liberty

We are not as certain as we should like to be, perhaps, that Charles Carroll of Maryland said to be the richest man in America, added the words "of Carrollton" to his name so that the King could readily pick him out among the numerous other Charles Carrolls of Maryland.

We do know that upon this first Fourth every man present in Congress, with perhaps one exception, solemnly pledged "his life, his fortune and his sacred honor" to liberty and independence. This was no careless gesture. An overwhelming British force was known to be off the American coast. The American invasion of Canada had ended in abject disaster. The news of the British repulse at Charleston, S. C., had not yet reached Philadelphia. Every man who voted for Thomas Jefferson's immortal resolution took as much risk and showed as much courage as was ever required of a soldier in the trenches.

These men were delegates to an extra-legal "Continental Congress." They were one and all proscribed by the royal authority. In the sight of the British law they had the unenviable standing and deserved the short shrift of arrant rebels.

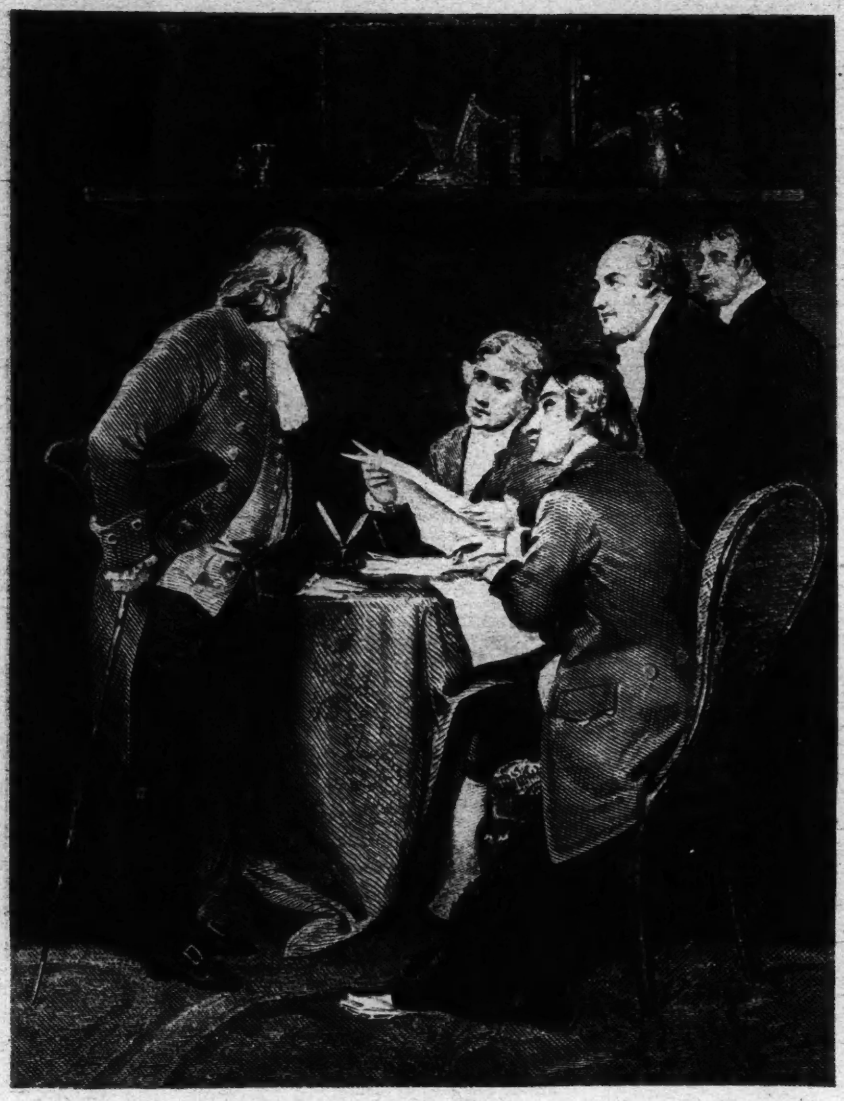
But there were other ways of regarding them. They were delegates chosen on a wide franchise, though not by universal manhood suffrage, by thirteen self-governing colonies. They had met two years before in order that they might reach an agreement as to the petition they should present to the King. They had remained ostensibly loyal to the throne while Percy's shattered squares fled madly back from Lexington and while the tide of battle ebbed and flowed on Bunker Hill. They had been, in legal fiction, British subjects until July 2, 1776, two days before the Declaration.

Here they sat, in what came to be called Independence Hall in the old Quaker city of Philadelphia, as notable a group as ever assembled in America. Here were the two Adamses of Massachusetts—Samuel the fiery, who had been for independence these ten years; John, cold and often irascible, but a clear-thinking, determined man. Here was Carroll of Maryland, to whom might come any minute news that the British had brought fire and sword to his broad acres. Here was Benjamin Franklin, 70 years old, seasoned and cosmopolitan after his long stay abroad, the wisest and mellowest of them all. At the desk sat John Hancock, who had fled across the fields with Samuel Adams one April morning, a year earlier, and heard with solemn joy the rattle of musketry around Concord.

Here was Thomas Jefferson, looking even more youthful than his thirty-three years, flushing and biting his lip occasionally when some pet phrase in his Declaration was attacked upon the floor. Here was Caesar Rodney of Delaware, who had ridden in haste from his home and stamped in, booted, muddy and sick, to cast his vote, two days earlier, for the Lee resolution of independence. Here was Rutledge of South Carolina, who had held out as long as he could against independence, but was now ready to accept and sign. His brother, President of the free State of South Carolina, had just been converted to the same view by the guns of Peter Parker's British fleet.

Lawyers, merchants, physicians, planters, soldiers, there they sat—the best the colonies could produce; as good, maybe, as any country at that moment could produce. They were young men—thirteen under 40, two were under 30. There were politicians, adroit manipulators, long-winded orators, narrow-minded provincials, and cautious men of property among them, and yet, somehow, after the wrangling died away, they realized the greatness of the occasion and rose to it. The emergency made the smallest of them eminent.

The final act in the drama of the Colonies, or, as it may also be called, the first act in the great drama of the United States, had opened on June 7, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia had introduced his resolution that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." The words summed up a fact. They were as logical as sunrise. But they stirred hot protests from those who would not at first face the fact or accept the logic.



The Committee Drafting the Declaration—Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Livingston and Sherman.

The debate had gone on during the whole of Saturday, June 8. It probably went on, unofficially but none the less earnestly, during the whole of Sunday, June 9. It was resumed, officially, on June 10. At least two of the future signers—Rutledge of South Carolina and James Wilson of Pennsylvania—were among those who tried to kill the resolution. "The sensible part of the House," wrote Rutledge, "opposed the motion." Some, like Dickinson of Pennsylvania, were against a Declaration of Independence at any time. Others were for delay.

It was the last-named group who won. The discussion terminated on the 10th with the appointment of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston as a committee "to prepare a declaration," with orders to report "this day three weeks." Seven Colonies voted for postponement and five against.

It might have been expected that the honor of writing the draft would fall upon Franklin, that ripest and wisest of Americans, or upon John Adams, who, next to Samuel Adams, was perhaps the most impatient advocate of independence. But it was young Jefferson, with the classic style and the revolutionary heart, who was chosen. At 33 he was already famous as a draftsman of State papers.

He was then living in two furnished rooms in the house of a bricklayer named Graff, on the south side of Market Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia. Thither, probably after some consultation with the other members of the committee, he retired. When he emerged—this was some time between June 11 and June 28—he had written the essentials of what we now know as the Declaration of Independence.

There were changes before the resolution was submitted to Congress—changes made by Jefferson himself, changes suggested by Franklin and Adams. But the spirit of the Declaration, the march and sweep of it, the bold philosophy, the mingling of practical politics and aspiring idealism was Jefferson's. It is true, as he himself said, that he expressed little that was not already in men's minds. But in the art of political expression he was, for his own and most other generations, unmatchable.

While the immortal document was taking shape the situation was becoming more and more favorable. Between the 14th and the 28th of June six Colonies, not previously committed to independence, swung into line. When Jefferson's committee made its report twelve delegations were ready to vote for it. Only one, New York's, held aloof—and this was not because the delegates were opposed, but because they were awaiting the result of a popular election, at which independence was an issue.

The committee reported as ordered on June 28—the very day upon which Admiral Peter Parker's fleet was vainly hammering at the defences of Charleston. This was Friday. The Declaration was ordered to lie on the table, and did lie on the table until Monday. On Monday and Tuesday the House debated the Lee motion, and on Tuesday, July 2, passed it. The fact of independence was thus proclaimed. The reasons for independence, as they were to be given to the world, had still to be agreed upon, and so Jefferson's masterpiece was next taken up.

Words That Meant Much

We can reconstruct some of the drama—the long, low-ceiled room, the windows open to the warm breeze, the curving rows of seats, the anxious faces, the solemn speeches, the consciousness in every man's heart that the words agreed upon would have to be made good on the battlefield and, perhaps, in prison and on the scaffold.

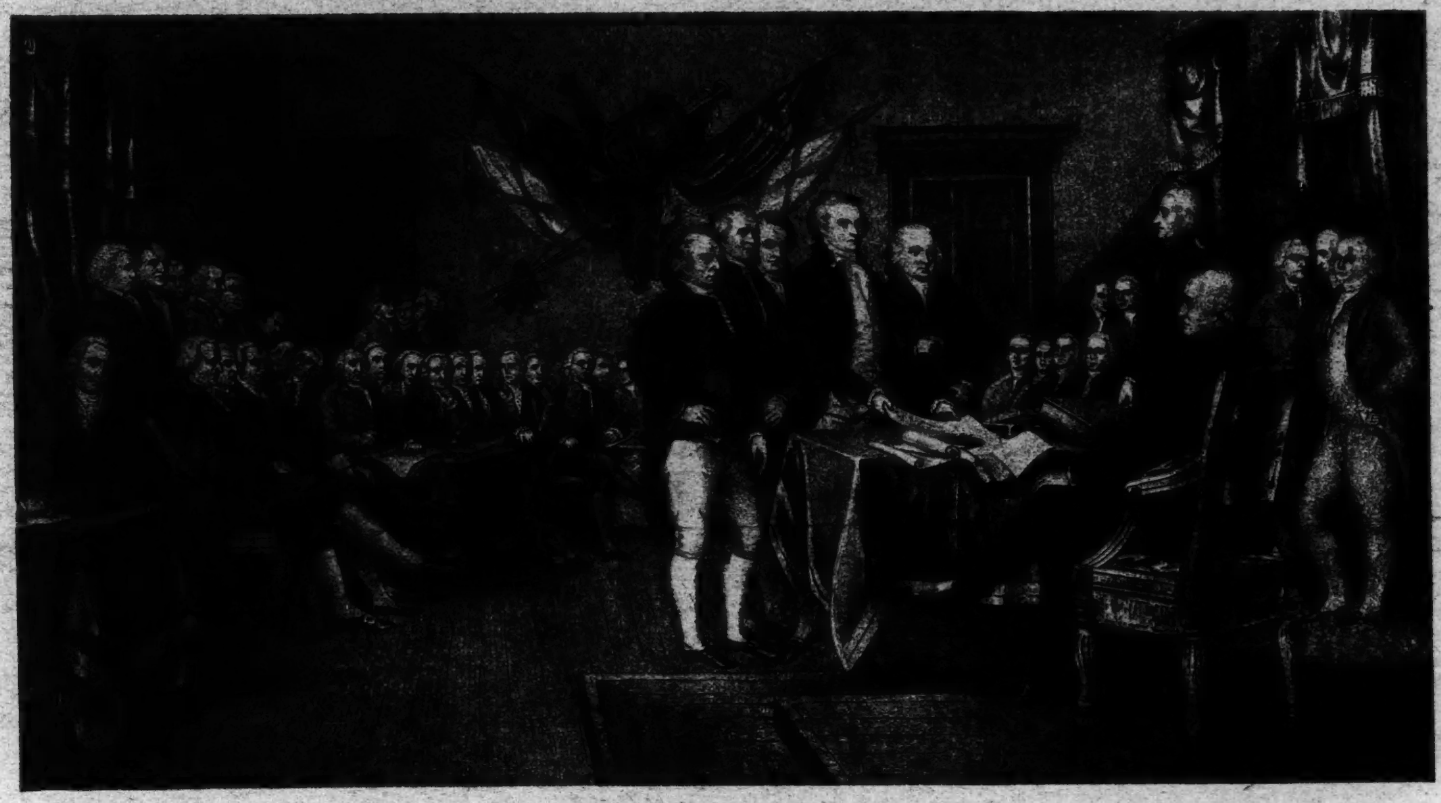
But much can only be guessed at. The proceedings of Congress were secret. There was no reporting of debates. Only the barest records of votes and resolutions were kept. Members were put on honor not to divulge what went on, and as far as is known they kept their pledge. Had there been one babbling Pepys among them—! But there was not.

Moreover, few of them seem to have realized the intense interest a later generation would take in the details of what went on. As Professor Becker has said, they were making history, not writing it. When they did come to write it, many years later, the incidents had become obscured, and we have the spectacle of John Adams, in his green old age, giving an account which in some respects is probably erroneous.

But though we have no contemporary accounts of the discussion we do know what were the principal changes in the text. Some of them were stylistic — they made for smoother reading. Others were modifications of overstatements. The original draft had read: "He has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these States." This was corrected to read: "He has obstructed the administration of justice," &c. The phrase, "depriving us of the benefits of trial by jury," was altered to "depriving us in many cases," &c. The words, "a people who mean to be free" were reduced to the simpler and more positive form, "a free people."

While this was going on young Jefferson, sitting at Franklin's side, squirmed with a sensitive author's natural uneasiness. In a memoir written in 1818 he gave a picturesque account of the incident.

"There were two or three unlucky expressions," he said, "which gave offense to some members. The



The Adoption of the Declaration of Independence.
Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

words 'Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries' excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British King in negativing our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves were disapproved by some gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, these gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations.

"'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, "John Thompson, Hatter, Makes and Sells Hats for Ready Money," with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word "Hatter" tautologous, because followed by the words "Makes Hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out.

More Is Struck Out

"'The next observed that the word "make" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind they would buy by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words "for ready money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with and the inscription now stood, "John Thompson Sells Hats."

"'Sells hats!' says his next friend. "Why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What is the use of that word?' It was stricken out and "hats" followed it, the rather was there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat subjoined.'"

In another passage Jefferson refers to the elimination of a paragraph containing a bitter condemnation, not of the King and his ministers, but of the English people. "We might have been a free and a great people together," he had written, "but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity." This was excised because, he says, "the pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with still haunted the minds of many." Perhaps he had forgotten Pitt and Burke.

The debates on the Declaration had taken place in the Committee of the Whole. On July 4—it was a fine, sunshiny day, with a southeast wind and temperatures ranging from 68 to 76—it was reported out of committee and passed. It would be pleasant to go a little further and say that the traditional picture of the delegates moving forward to affix their signatures, of the breathless crowd outside, of the old bellringer in the tower and of the little boy rushing forth to shout, "Ring, grandpa, ring!" was accurate. Both John Adams and Franklin—Adams in 1814, Franklin in 1786—declared that the Declaration was signed on July 4. There is, however, no contemporary evidence, official or otherwise, to this effect, and there is much evidence to the contrary. The Declaration on parchment, as we now have it, was ordered engrossed on July 19, was not signed by any member until Aug. 2, and probably was not signed by the last man until November.

If any paper was signed on the Fourth it vanished utterly, leaving no trace and referred to in no official record. The truth seems to be that neither Jefferson nor Congress judged the actual first drafts worth keeping. Perhaps they came to an untimely end in a printer's waste basket.

A Great Historic Moment

But though the Fourth, on close examination, has to yield some of its melodramatic quality, it remains unshaken as a great historical occasion. The unanswerable argument in its favor is that it seemed exactly that to the Revolutionary generation.

Nor need we sacrifice the essence of the tradition. Even though no aged bellringer stood waiting in his tower on the day we celebrate, Philadelphia had its festival four days later, when, as John Adams wrote: "Three cheers rended the welkin. The battalions paraded on the Common and gave us the feu de joie, notwithstanding the scarcity of powder. The bells rang all day and almost all night. Even the chimers chimed away. * * * In the evening our late King's coat-of-arms was brought from the hall in the State House, where the said King's courts were formerly held, and burned amid the acclamations of a crowd of spectators."

Copies of the Declaration were ordered struck off on July 4, as soon as it was passed. This had been done by the 6th, and on that day Hancock sent the document to Washington with the request that it be proclaimed "at the head of the army in the way you shall think proper." The reading was actually done before each brigade, separately, drawn up in hollow square. One brigade got the news in what is now City Hall Park, with Washington sitting his horse in the centre.

The soldiers received the news well, partly, perhaps, on the theory that it was as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb. "The measure seemed to have their hearty assent." Washington reported to Hancock, "the expressions and behavior, both of officers and men, testifying their warmest approbation of it."

Until that day, which was July 9, the equestrian statue of King George in Bowling Green had been suffered to stand, but in the evening a mob of soldiers pulled it down, to be cast into bullets. There is also said to have been a jail delivery of debtors. In short, July 9 was New York City's first Fourth.

From Charlestown, Mass., to Charleston, S. C., bells rang, cannon were fired, troops paraded and the people assembled in mass meetings.

There could have been no doubt in the popular mind as to the meaning of what had occurred. A new nation had been born.

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THE new nation had, of course, grown out of an old nation. The delegates assembled at Philadelphia in July, 1776, were political descendants of the barons who met King John in the Thames meadows five centuries and a half earlier and extracted the Great Charter from him. They could look back to the day when Charles I lost his head at Whitehall, and that other day, less than a generation later, when James II scuttled down the water stairs of his palace and was rowed away into safety and oblivion.

New Traditions Added

But the Colonists were not merely transplanted Englishmen. They had not only brought over the traditions of the home country, but they had added traditions of their own. Their blood was largely but not wholly British—they had a considerable dash of German, French, Dutch and Swedish in their veins. They had been living under conditions far different from those at home. They had reclaimed a savage land, fought its savage inhabitants, added wilderness lore to their education. In the South they had laid the foundations of the slave system and established an aristocracy every whit as proud as that of England.

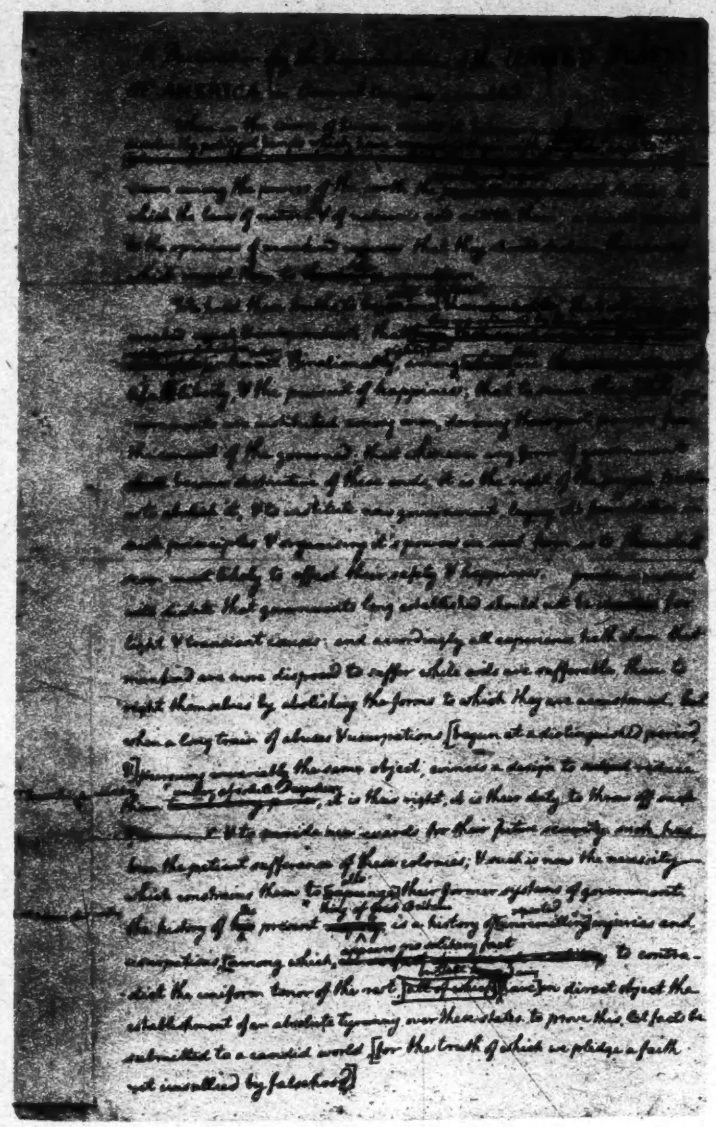
From the beginning they had had their difficulties with the home Government. In nine out of the thirteen Colonies the Crown appointed the Governors until the Revolution. A committee of the Privy Council, known as the "Lords of Trade and Plantations," exercised an often irksome supervision over intercolonial affairs and relations between the Colonies and the Crown.

Out of this situation grew more or less serious quarrels. As John Fiske

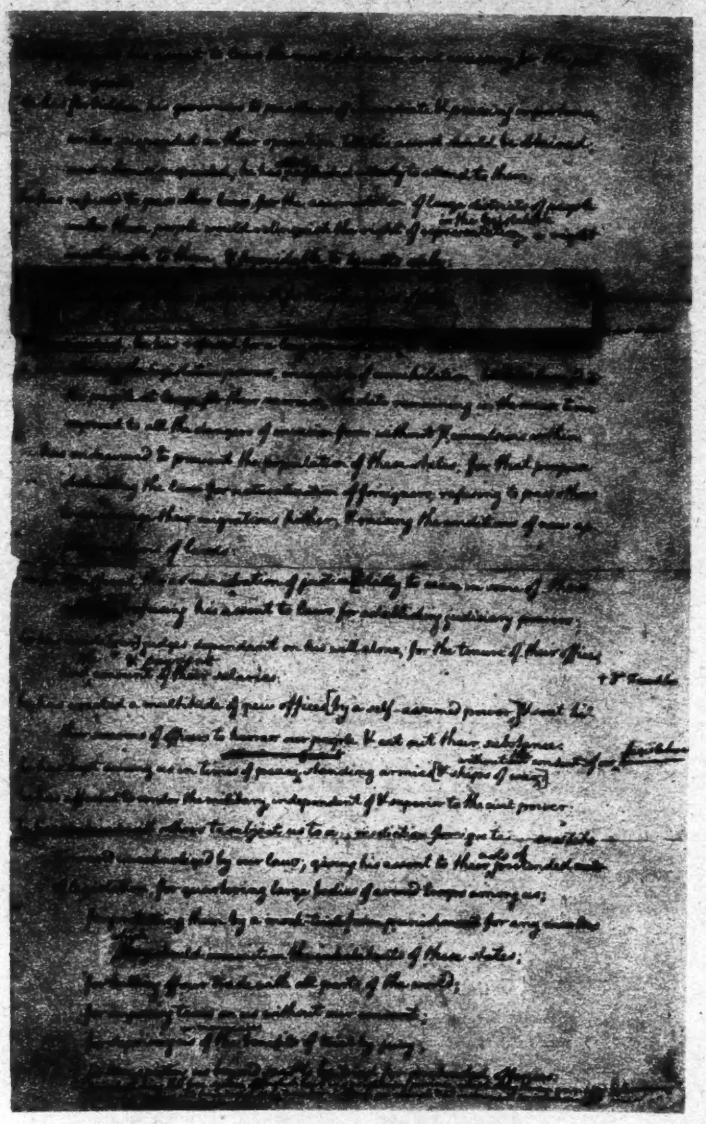
(Continued on Page 28)

Independence Hall, as It Was in 1776.
Engraved by John C. McRae.

THE "WORK SHEET" OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: THE AUTHOR'S COPY



First Page of Jefferson's Rough Draft of the Declaration, With Revisions by the Author and Changes by Franklin and Adams.



Second Page, Showing How Jefferson Repaired Time's Ravages by Pasting a Strip of Paper Over a Torn Fold.

HOW JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION

By S. T. WILLIAMSON

REPRODUCED on these pages is what may be termed the work sheet of the Declaration of Independence. Although lacking the impressive appearance of the engrossed document that bears John Hancock's copperplate signature above those of other members of Congress, it is of almost equal historic value, for this is the author's rough draft of the Declaration, upon which Thomas Jefferson also recorded the changes made before his colleagues accepted his work.

Only fragmentary accounts of the framing of the Declaration have come from any of the participants and most of this evidence did not appear until forty or fifty years after the event, when memories were faulty. Mute and indisputable, the rough draft reveals far more. It shows the many painstaking revisions Jefferson made before he submitted his draft to his associates of the committee authorized by Congress to prepare an independence declaration. It contains changes in wording in the handwriting of Franklin and John Adams, two of the committeemen, and it gives the paragraphs, some of which Jefferson highly prized, that Congress rejected or made over.

His manuscript indicates the patience with which Jefferson polished his phrases until he had achieved the rhythmic cadence of language that makes the Declaration of Independence so easy to declaim, a cadence

Franklin and Adams Made a Few Changes in the Text, But Congress Struck Out a Number of Paragraphs

equaled by Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address and in his Second Inaugural. In a vivid manner the rough draft shows the pains of authorship.

After Congress passed Richard Henry Lee's independence resolution, June 7, 1776, it chose Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Robert Livingston and Roger Sherman as a committee to draw up a suitable declaration of separation from Great Britain. Why Jefferson, only 33, and the youngest member of the committee, was selected to write a draft of the declaration was explained years later by Adams.

Jefferson's Masterly Pen

"Mr. Jefferson had the reputation of a masterly pen; he had been chosen a delegate in Virginia in consequence of a very handsome public paper which he had written for the House of Burgesses," Adams wrote in his autobiography. In 1822 he added in a letter: "Mr. Jefferson came to Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science and a happy talent of composition. Writings were handed about remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression."

Writing about the same time as Adams, Jefferson had this to say about the draft of the Declaration:

"The committee of five unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draught. I consented. I drew it, but before I reported to the committee I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their corrections. * * * Their alterations were two or three only and merely verbal. I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee and from them, unaltered, to the Congress."

Although several copies of the Declaration in Jefferson's handwriting are in existence, the "fair copy" apparently has not been preserved. Upon his rough draft Jefferson identified by marginal notes the corrections of Adams and some, but not all, of Franklin's. Also on this document he indicated the changes made in the process of getting the Declaration by the committee and through Congress. The brackets mark portions deleted by the latter body. In the absence of other definite information, therefore, Jefferson's rough draft is a log-book of the progress of writing the Declaration. The entire history of the drafting may be read from it.

In his old age, when he made his marginal notes, Jefferson was able to recognize but four of Franklin's changes. Four years ago, however, when the rough draft was transferred from the State Department to the Library of Congress, eleven alterations in Franklin's handwriting were identified by John C. Fitzpatrick of the Library's Manuscript Division. Four of the changes are highly important as affecting the wording of the Declaration.

When Jefferson submitted his rough draft to Benjamin Franklin, the latter was 70 years old. Among other things he had been a printer, an editor, a maker of proverbs, a scientist, a philosopher, an economist, and he was to be a diplomat. All of these pursuits are conducive to a nice appreciation of values. This is as good a reason as any for the fact that by a few pen strokes Franklin greatly heightened the precision of Jefferson's phraseology.

"When in the course of human events," the rough draft began, "it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve the political bands——"

Franklin poised his pen above the "a," crossed out that letter and made the phrase read "one people." His change penetrated the heart of the matter. This declaration of freedom was not being made by an indefinite people, but by "one" united people. The substitution of a single word at the proper place gave the strength of a nation to Jefferson's declaration.

To the same important preliminary paragraph Franklin contributed further definiteness. Perhaps Jefferson was dubious about the extent to which Congress would accept his draft, for he wrote that the decent respect people owe to others "requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to threaten separation." Franklin crossed out the vague word "threaten" and inserted an uncompromising "the." A declaration of independence does not threaten a separation. It is a separation.

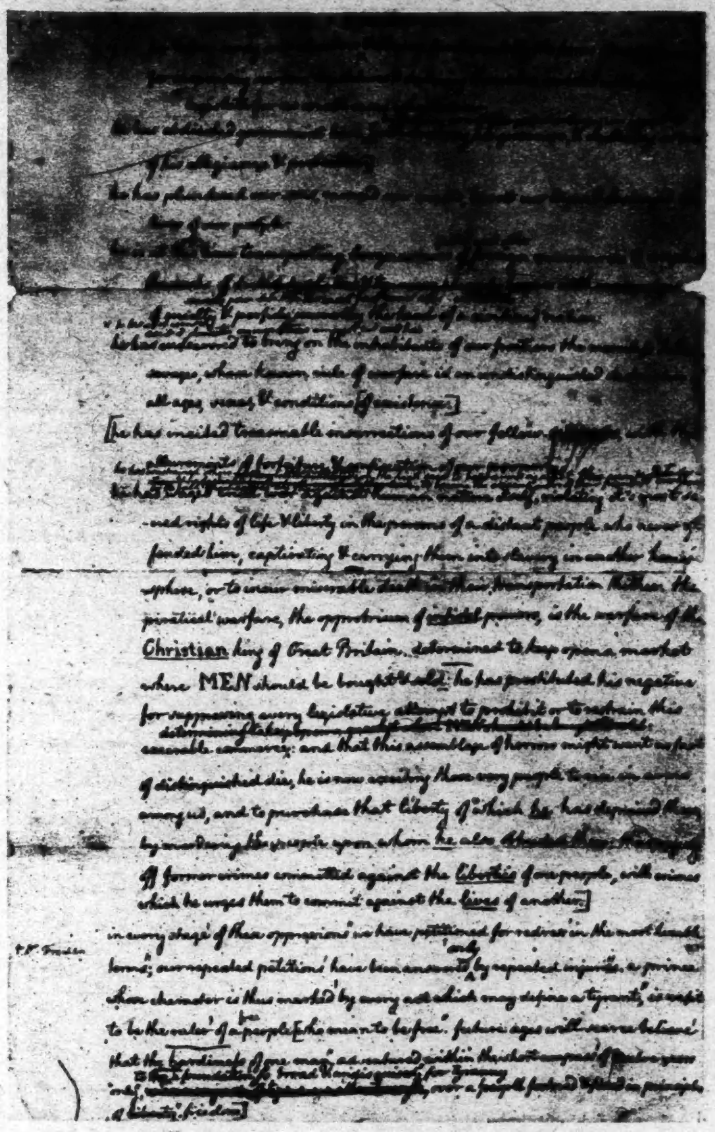
Franklin the Editor

From the point of view of style, Editor Franklin is to be thanked most of all for his alteration in Jefferson's second paragraph. "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable," read the rough draft. The phrase gropes. Poor Richard's compiler inked it out and hit the target with "self-evident." Mr. Fitzpatrick speaks of this as "his great substitution."

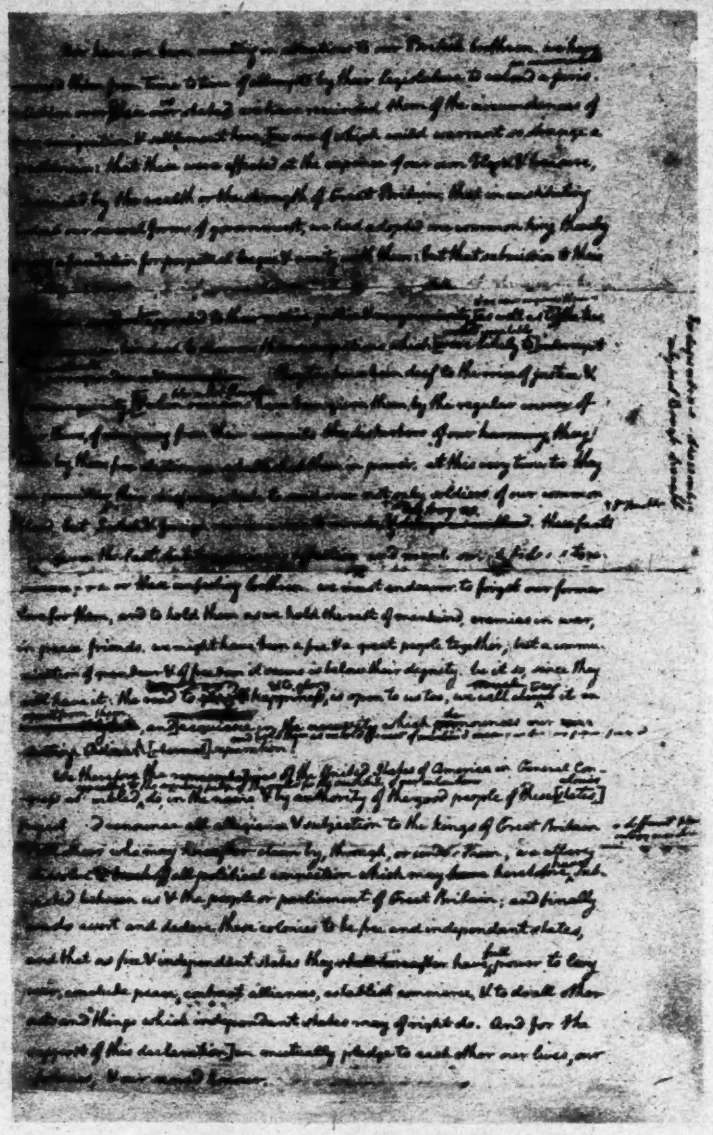
Another contribution to preciseness was achieved by Franklin's editing of the sentence "He has kept among us in time of peace standing armies and ships of war without our consent." Such a statement was contrary to Franklin's cherished ideal of representative government, so he crossed out "our" and made the phrase read "without the consent of our Legislatures."

Still another Franklin alteration, unnoted by Jefferson on his rough draft, reveals the old printer's sharpshooting ability with words. Jefferson wrote "giving his assent to their

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S ROUGH DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION, SHOWING ALL CHANGES



Page Three, With the Paragraph Denouncing the Slave Trade, Which Was Struck Out by Congress Against Jefferson's Wishes.



Final Page of Jefferson's Rough Draft, Which Is Now Preserved in the Library of Congress at Washington.

pretended acts of legislation," and Franklin made this definite by twisting the phrase to "giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation." Jefferson was the stylist; Franklin was the precisionist.

"Deluge us in blood," sobbed a phrase in the rough draft of one of the paragraphs deleted by Congress. "Destroy us," matter-of-fact Ben Franklin wrote in.

The character of the man and the penetrating quality of his changes are acceptable evidence that Franklin went over Jefferson's rough draft like a fine-tooth comb. As a rule, when writings "with a peculiar facility of expression," to repeat Adams's estimate of Jefferson as an author, come before a hard-headed literalist and economizer of words the result is a slaughter of the innocents. Yet Franklin made but eleven changes in the rough draft. There could be scarcely greater tribute to Jefferson's literary ability than this.

Franklin's alterations do not detract from Thomas Jefferson's glory as the author of the Declaration of Independence; their paucity is added honor. Moreover, they reveal Franklin as an ideal editor, one of those rare persons with tolerance of another's style, who seeks to change as little as possible, and then only in a key place. A lesser editor than Franklin would have revised the rough draft of the Declaration of Independence, not as Jefferson strove to write it, but as the editor thought Jefferson should have written it. Franklin's contribution to the writing of the Declaration was as much in being level-headed enough to keep his hands off nonessentials as it was in recognizing eleven significant points for alteration.

Adams, too, had the good sense not to interfere. Jefferson was a diffident speaker; John Adams was a rough-and-ready debater, and his chief contribution was his defense in Congress of Jefferson's draft. He was blunt and to the point, as one of his two changes in the rough draft testifies.

"The history of his present majesty," Jefferson politely began one of his sentences; Adams straightened the knee of the phrase, altering it to "The history of the present King of Great Britain." By that much his change elevated the dignity of the Declaration.

Jefferson Polished His Phrases

The most ruthless revisionist of the rough draft was Jefferson himself. Even after he had submitted his writing to Franklin and Adams he continued to whittle off rough spots and to furbish phrases. No better testimony to the pains Jefferson took to achieve facility of expression could be given than this extract from his rough draft of the Declaration:

"We hold these truths ~~to be sacred & undeniable;~~ self-evident; that all men are created equal ~~& independent;~~ that they are endowed by their Creator with ~~equal rights some of which are~~ ~~from that equal creation they derive~~ rights; that ~~rights~~ inherent & inalienable, among ~~which~~ these, ~~are the preservation of~~ life, ~~&~~ liberty, & the pursuit of happiness."

Franklin, as has been seen, changed "sacred & undeniable" to "self-evident." Then, Professor Carl L. Becker believes, Jefferson picked up his pen again. One likely reason for crossing out "independent" is that after "self-evident" was introduced Jefferson's ear was offended by two phrases ending in "dent." It next appears that the young delegate from Virginia did not like the sound or sight of "from that equal creation," for he crossed the words out and inserted "they are endowed by their Creator with equal rights some of which are inherent & inalienable among which are." Obviously, this was too awkward, so Jefferson ran his pen through the clumsy phrases, leaving the simpler, better sounding, easier rolling "that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent & inalienable rights." Finally it took only another scratch of the pen through "the preservation of" to give a snap to the famous line, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

How Jefferson sought rhythm and cadence in his Declaration is shown by these revisions in the next to last paragraph of his rough draft manuscript:

"The road to ~~glory & happiness~~ & to glory is open to us too; we will ~~climb~~ must tread it in ~~a separate state.~~ apart from them."

It was fortunate for the clearness and literary quality of the Declaration of Independence that Jefferson had two such sympathetic critics as Franklin and Adams. They were all that he needed, for with them he had a quorum on the committee of five authorized to prepare the Declaration.

It was more than fortunate—it was a miracle—that Congress did not insist upon rewriting the document. There was scarcely a change made, during the Independence Hall debates, that may be said to have weakened the document. Instead of toning down Jefferson's statements, Congress gave them greater emphasis by eliminating much that, in the light of the present, seems extraneous to the question. There were no "reservations" left in the Declaration when Congress got through with it—a contrast to legislative amendments of these days.

One important deletion Congress made was this:

Slave Clause Deleted

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life & liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce, and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another."

Another deletion resented by Jefferson was this:

"And when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have by their free election re-established them in power. At this very time, too, they are permitting their Chief Magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood but Scotch and foreign mercenaries to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to announce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must, therefore, endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us too; we will climb it apart from them."

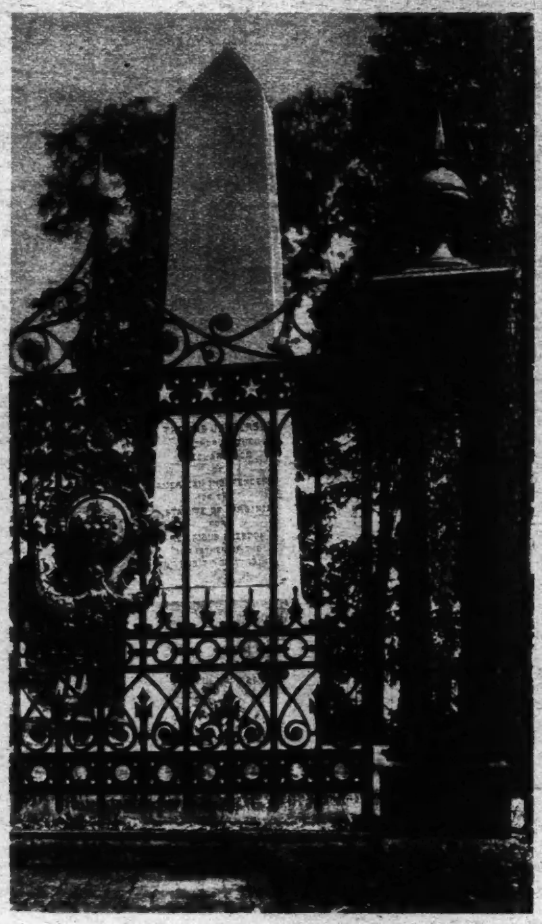
Apparently Congress was intrigued by the happy phrase "enemies in war, in peace friends," for it was incorporated in what was left of the above paragraph, so unfriendly in tone to the people of the mother country. In notes taken at the time of the debate Jefferson displays wounded feelings over the elimination of this paragraph and also over the decision of Congress to cut out his references to the slave trade and attempts at servile insurrection—"the vehement philippic against negro slavery," Adams hailed it.

"The pusillanimous idea that we

(Continued on Page 31)

JEFFERSON'S GREAT WORK STILL GOES ON

Social Reforms to Which the Author of the Declaration Devoted His Life Stand as a Monument to His Genius



Thomas Jefferson's Tomb at Monticello, With the Iron Gate and Fence Built by Congress.

By DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY,
Professor of History, Columbia University.

THIS day marks not only the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence but also the one hundredth anniversary of the death of its author. Yet a full century has not sufficed to give Thomas Jefferson his due recognition as a founder of American democracy.

The animus of the party battles of more than a hundred years ago has continued to infect the writings of many modern historians and prophetic misjudgments of the great Virginian, which were amply refuted by his deeds, still linger as alleged historic truth. The abuse heaped upon Washington and Lincoln during their lifetime demonstrates the oft repeated aphorism of the blindness of republics to the qualities of their great servants.

The Clouds Still Persist

However, the clouds of misprision have long since cleared away from the figures of Washington and Lincoln, revealing them in the full splendor of their service to the country, while Thomas Jefferson's name is still a symbol of battle and even a subject of slander. The common attempt to explain this fact by the animus of Northern historians against a Southerner or of nationally minded historians against an advocate of State and local sovereignty is unconvincing.

Washington and Marshall were as devoted Virginians as Jefferson. Samuel Adams and Elbridge Gerry were as ardent defenders of local sovereignty. The offense of Jefferson in the eyes of his hostile critics is not, in the last analysis, his political theory but rather his radical social ideas.

"The work of Hamilton is done," said a distinguished educator the other day, "but the work of Jefferson remains to be done." One might add that the work of Washington, of Marshall and of Lincoln is done. These great names are associated with the accomplishment of the specific mission which we think of as fully denoting their destiny, the winning of our independence, the establishment of the legal foundations of the supremacy of the Federal Government, the preservation of the Union. But one cannot point to any such definite and absorbing political contribution of Thomas Jefferson. He did not himself think that the organization of the Republican Party or the purchase of Louisiana was important enough to be commemorated on his tombstone.

The authorship of the Declaration of Independence does, indeed, appear there as his first claim to the grateful remembrance of posterity. But that was, in his own estimation, a somewhat incidental service, the discharge of his duty as draftsman of the committee of Congress, which he performed in a few days' time "without reference to book or pamphlet," and without concern to find new arguments or language. The real greatness of Thomas Jefferson will always elude, as it has always eluded, those students of history whose criterion is political or military accomplishment.

For Jefferson's abiding and enthusiastic devotion was to a program of social reform (the main points of which will be noticed presently) for the accomplishment of which all political measures were but convenient agencies. The appreciation of this fact is fundamental to a systematic study of Jefferson's career.

Where Two Bloods Mingled

The blood of the old "tidewater aristocracy" and of the new race of Western pioneers was mingled in Jefferson's veins. Through his mother, Jane Randolph, he could not only claim relationship with many of the leading families of Virginia but even trace his descent back to the royal Earls of Murray. His father, Peter Jefferson, had taken his bride to the western country at the foothills of the Blue Ridge in 1738, "while the trails of the hostile Monacons or Tuscaroras were yet fresh on the lands"; and there, on the 13th of April, 1743, not far from his later home in Monticello, Thomas Jefferson was born.

Fatherless at the age of 14 and with a comfortable fortune, the boy left his tutors and entered the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, the tiny capital of the Province, where his family connections introduced him into the houses of the aristocrats and even made him a welcome guest at the dinners, musicales and card parties of Governor Fauquier. His sound character and passionate thirst for knowledge saved him from the temptations of the idle rich. His precocity won him the college degree at the end of his second year, and he had the good fortune to pursue the study of law for five years in the office of George Wythe, a man of the highest attainment in his profession and a character of sterling worth. Jefferson never failed to acknowledge his debt to Wythe, his "beloved mentor," for his training not only in the technicalities of his profession but also in the broader ideals of justice and the fundamental rights of man.

Jefferson practiced law for a few years only. While he was still in the midst of his studies the storm of the American Revolution had begun to gather. Patrick Henry had made his impassioned speech against the Stamp act of 1765. The new Townshend duties had followed in 1767 on the repeal of the Stamp act. The King's troops had been landed in Boston in 1768. The Colonial legislatures were astir with the discussion of taxation, troops and trade. Colonial pens were multiplying pamphlets on the rights and duties of Americans. The ardent Jefferson, filled with the liberal doctrines of Coke, Sidney, Locke and Harrington, could not stay out of the arena.

In 1769, at the age of 26, he gave up his lucrative law practice and entered the Virginia House of Burgesses, where he soon came into prominence as one of the "bolder spirits." From that time to his retirement from the Presidency of the United States just forty years later, Jefferson was almost continuously in the public service, as Delegate to the Continental Congress, member of the Virginia Legislature, Governor of his State, Minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice President and President. And even after his retirement, in 1809, he continued for sixteen years more to exert an important influence upon national politics as the adviser of his successors, Madison and Monroe.

Though Jefferson had a remarkably orderly mind and a keen sense of the economy of time and effort, he was not at his best in the executive branch of the public service. The administrator is called upon to make decisions in the interest of expeditiousness, sometimes without the full warrant of reason which a philosopher would wait for. He often has to choose between a better and a worse rather than between a better and a best. He must frequently postpone theory to action and yield an inch in order to miss losing an ell. He is handicapped rather than helped by seeing many more sides to a subject than the average man, who regards him as his servant, sees. All these practical compulsions were more or less vexatious to Jefferson (as they have been to other "theorists" in the Governor's chair or the White House).

Moreover, while Jefferson was one of the most genial and fertile of disputants in a friendly discussion, he was utterly averse by nature to altercation, and was very sensitive to criticism, wholly lacking the pugnacious and pachydermic robustness which is an asset to the aggressive administrator. Finally, Jefferson mistrusted the executive power in general as a danger to liberty.

The evils which the colonies had suffered at the hands of England were caused by the pretensions of an improperly controlled crown and cabinet at home and the usurpations of their obsequious agents in America. A jealous supervision of rulers, even when they were chosen by the people for a limited term, was the sole guarantee of freedom. For the temptation of men who held power to augment, extend and prolong that power could rarely be resisted.

He Had a Secret Pride

So suspicious a theory of executive power was hardly a favorable preparation for a vigorous and confident administration. When President Jefferson complained that "the ground was shaken under his feet" by the town-meetings of New England in their opposition to his embargo policy, we suspect that he must have been secretly proud of those town meetings for the thoroughness with which they practiced his own doctrine of jealousy of executive dictation.

But to return to the revolutionary contest. The interesting point is the rapidity and precision with which Jefferson formulated his doctrine of the relation of the colonies to the mother country. He undoubtedly wanted that relation to continue. We have too many expressions, both public and private, of his attachment to the connection with Great Britain, until the close of the year 1775, to allow us to suspect that he was hiding the separatist doctrines of Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine under hypocritical protests of loyalty.

"Believe me, dear sir," he wrote to his kinsman John Randolph in England, in November, 1775, "there is not in the British Empire a man

Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson.
From an Old Engraving.

who more cordially loves a union with Great Britain than I do, but by the God that made me I will cease to exist before I yield to connection on such terms as the British Parliament propose."

Up to the moment, therefore, when the fateful news arrived that King George had declared his determination to put down the rebellion in the American Colonies at all costs by the royal forces, Thomas Jefferson advocated not separation from England but reconciliation on terms which should guarantee to the Colonies the rights of freeborn British subjects.

What Jefferson conceived those rights to be we have in a remarkable document drawn up by him to serve as the instructions to the Virginia delegation to the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia in September, 1774. The instructions were laid on the table as too radical and a milder set were adopted in their stead; but Jefferson's friends had the document printed as a pamphlet under the title "A Summary View of the Rights of British America."

The "Summary View" contains the whole revolutionary philosophy of Jefferson and furnishes both the argument and the explanation of the immortal Declaration which he wrote two years later. Our ancestors "exercised a right given by nature to all men" when they migrated to America to establish new societies under such laws as would promote public happiness. The British subjects in England thenceforth had no more claim to govern America than the authorities of Denmark and Saxony had to govern Englishmen whose ancestors migrated from those lands. The only bond of allegiance to England that Americans owed was loyalty to a common sovereign—thus ran the "Summary View."

These Were Usurpations

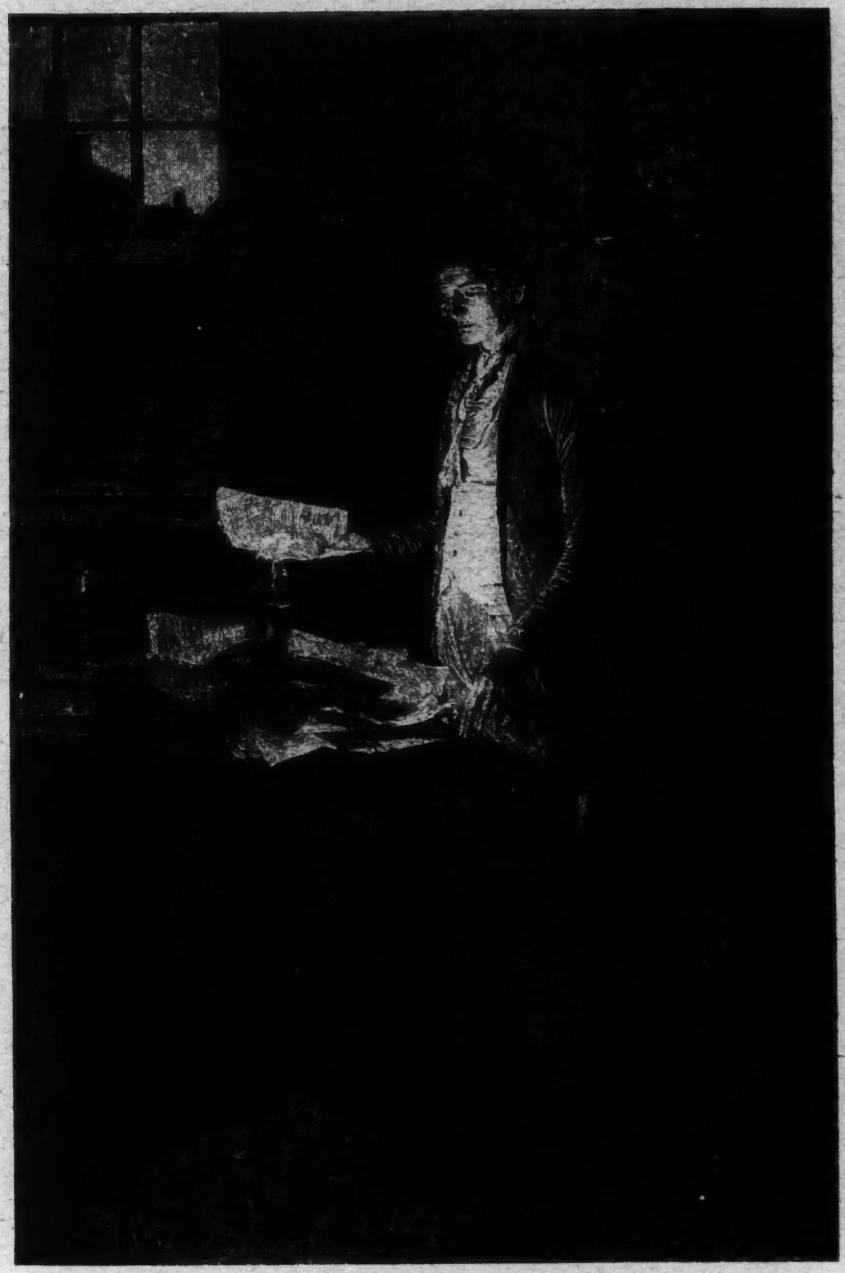
From the jurisdiction of the British Parliament we were absolutely exempt, having our own parliaments in our Colonial Legislatures. Therefore, the acts of Parliament regulating our trade, levying taxes upon us, suspending our assemblies, interfering with our courts of justice and otherwise disturbing the freedom of our Government, were only usurpations "by a body of men foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws."

We cannot enter here into the intricate discussion of the authority of Parliament in the Colonies which Jefferson so absolutely challenged in the "Summary View." The reader who wishes to pursue the subject will find a most enlightening commentary on Jefferson's position in Professor McIlwain's recent volume on the legal aspects of the Revolution. The point that I am interested to emphasize here is that Jefferson rests his case on the right given by nature to all men to choose their own habitations and their own forms of government.

A fortiori, this natural right to establish a government for the public welfare carries with it the right to change a government which has ceased to promote the public welfare; and therewith we have the Declaration of Independence as the logical sequence of the "Summary View." The humanitarian doctrine is determinative. The political and legal forms are shaped to its imperious exigencies.

This theory, I believe, is the "idée maîtresse" of the Jeffersonian philosophy. It is most completely illustrated in his noble work in the years immediately following the Declaration of Independence. His fame was secure at the age of 33 and a career of eminence in the service of Congress was assured. He was offered the position of envoy to France, a post tempting to a man of his scientific, literary and esthetic cravings. But he declined this political offer in order to devote himself to a humanitarian task, which he knew would mean an enormous amount of thankless labor, social obloquy and religious persecution.

He entered the Virginia House of Delegates to work for the reform of the laws of his State by the eradication of every trace of feudal privilege and religious coercion, the abolition of slavery, the mitigation of cruel penal laws and the establishment of a State-wide system of free lay education. It was the most ambitious and comprehensive program of social reform ever proposed at one time.



Jefferson Writing the Declaration.

From the Drawing by Howard Pyle. © Charles Scribner's Sons.

For more than two years Jefferson worked incessantly with his colleagues on the committee, Wythe and Pendleton, in the face of aristocratic privilege, vested interests, entrenched orthodoxy and popular indifference, producing 126 projects of reform laws, which filled nearly 100 folio pages of fine print.

A review of this wonderful work of the years 1776-1779 would involve a social and political history of Colonial Virginia, and even of England back to feudal days. Naturally, a program which laid the axe to the root of the tree of inveterate abuses could not be carried out in a day. By herculean efforts Jefferson got the bills abolishing primogeniture and entail through the Legislature. Capital punishments were limited to the crimes of murder and treason. The barbarous laws of retaliation and torture were expunged. The cruel provisions barring dissenters from civic rights were removed. Freedom of worship was established. The compulsory support of the Church of England was abolished.

But it was a slow process. Long after Jefferson had left the State, first to go to Congress, then to become Minister to France, his supporters, Wythe, Madison and Monroe, were battling to get the reforms through the Legislature.

The bill for the establishment of a free public school system and for the emancipation of the slaves failed, to Jefferson's bitter disappointment. He found partial consolation for the former in the devotion of his closing years to the establishment of the University of Virginia; but there was no relief for his regret over the refusal of the Legislature to consider the emancipation bill. For forty years he continued in vain to warn his countrymen of the retribution which they were laying up for themselves in the perpetuation of an institution condemned by the enlightened conscience of mankind.

His Real Claim to Fame

"If Jefferson could have shown his opponents through a glass the battlefields round Richmond," says F. W. Hirst, "they might have been more willing to provide for the extinction of white ignorance and black slavery."

Probably a thousand persons know of Jefferson as the author of the Declaration of Independence to one who knows him as the reformer of the Virginia law code. Yet, if I were compelled to say which was the more important service, I should unhesitatingly choose the latter. Benjamin Franklin or John Adams could have written an acceptable declaration; the ideas, as Jefferson himself confessed, were more or less common property. But I doubt whether Franklin or Adams or any other man in America, with the possible exception of Thomas Paine, could have written the Virginia statute for religious freedom.

Lack of space compels us to pass over Jefferson's term as Governor of Virginia (1779-1781) and his mission to France (1784-1789), where he succeeded the venerable Franklin as Minister in 1785. At Washington's earnest request he returned to America to accept the position of Secretary of State, and in March, 1790, took his seat, with Hamilton, General Knox and Edmund Randolph, in our first Cabinet.

The historic contest between Jefferson and Hamilton in the Cabinet, exacerbated by the events of the revolution in France and the mission of Genet, has been described a thousand times—nowhere more vividly than in the pages of Claude G. Bowers's recent volume on "Jefferson and Hamilton." From this contest between Jefferson's doctrine of the strict interpretation of the Constitution and Hamilton's theory of a centralized government permitted to exercise power "implied" in the Constitution grew the parties which, under various names, have remained in principle to our own day.

The Republicans, led by Jefferson, contended for the preservation of the rights of local government and the limitation of the central power to purely national functions like defense and diplomacy. They opposed the establishment of a national bank, the assumption of the State debts, the funding of the national debt, and every measure tending to consolidate the interests of the Government and the financiers and speculators.

They approved of the fundamental principles of democracy as illustrated by the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and our own Declaration of Independence, while their Federalist opponents abhorred the French Revolution as a "leveling" and "anarchic" movement, and were more concerned for the guarantee of property and order than for the spread of democracy and liberty.

Jefferson retired from the Cabinet at the close of 1793 to devote himself to building up the party which he was convinced represented the ideal of American democracy. Elected to the Vice Presidency in 1796, he found his residence at the seat of Government and his position as presiding officer of the Senate a vantage ground for the continuance of his work in consolidating the Republican Party, which he led to victory in the election of 1800.

For Jefferson the triumph of the Republicans meant the vindication of the principles of 1776. It was a new "revolution" to rescue the Declaration of Independence from oblivion and return the Government to the hands of the people.

Predictions of Calamity

Many Federalists believed that the election of Jefferson would precipitate a general revolution analogous to the Jacobin "terror" of 1793 in France. There were dire predictions of proscriptions of wealth, mob violence, the rule of ignorance and rampant atheism. But these ridiculous fears were as unfounded as the panicky apprehensions of a Bolshevist revolution in our country today. Jefferson's inaugural address was a conciliatory and conservative statement of policy; and his entire administration was in essential accord with procedure of the Federal Government since the inauguration of Washington a dozen years before.

If Jefferson departed from precedents it was rather in the direction of the Federalist doctrine of a strong central power. His purchase of the vast Louisiana territory from Napoleon without a shred of constitutional warrant, and his drastic enforcement of the embargo policy, even to the use of armed force, are examples of his determination to maintain the power of the National Government in "its full vigor." After all, power could be safely entrusted to those who were protected by their political philosophy from temptation to its abuse!

The end of Jefferson's first administration found him at the peak of his popularity. The purchase of Louisiana at a wonderful bargain, the reduction of the debt, the abolition of the internal taxes, the chastisement of the Barbary pirates all contributed to his triumphant election in 1804. He carried all the States except Connecticut and Delaware, receiving 162 out of the 176 electoral votes. In taking the oath of office for the second time, on March 4, 1805, he congratulated his countrymen that "not a cloud appeared on the horison."

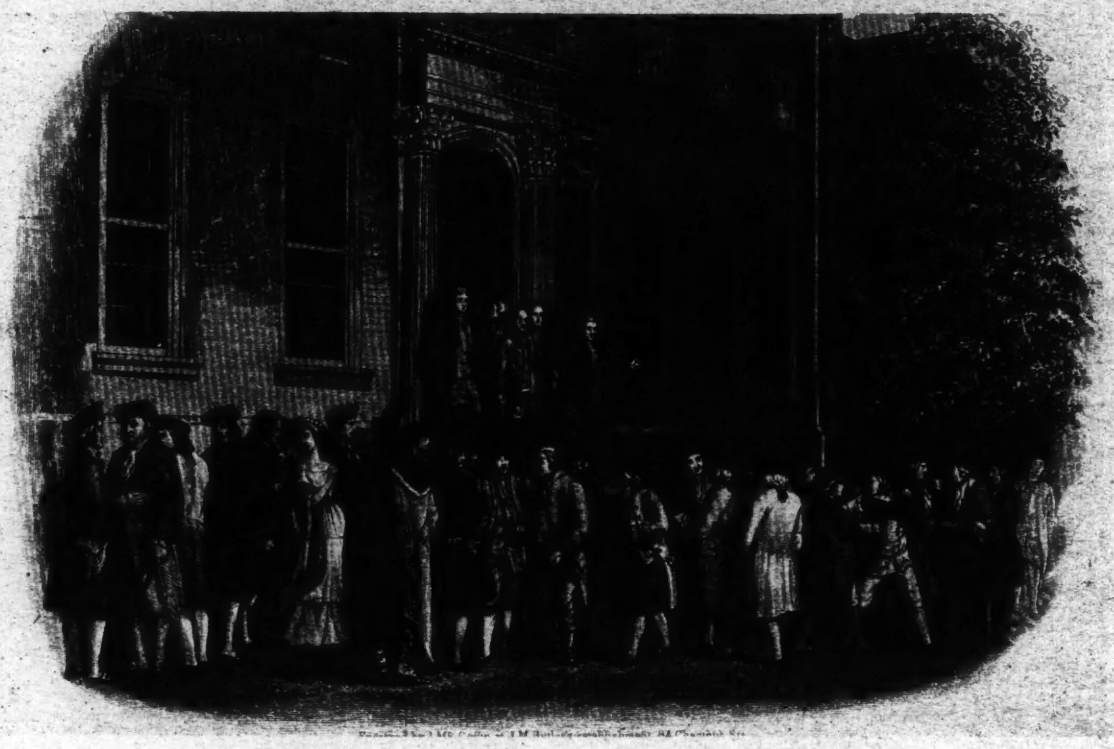
But the clouds gathered with ominous rapidity before the year was out and storms, foreign and domestic, vexed the entire second term. The tremendous duel between Napoleon and England gradually made the neutral status of the United States as a commercial nation untenable.

The pacific Jefferson struggled, in the face of outrages like the seizure of our ships and the attack on the Chesapeake, to preserve peace through diplomacy, as the pacific Wilson struggled in the crisis of the World War. Jefferson succeeded in postponing the war until his successor's Administration, but only at the cost of diplomatic humiliation and domestic rupture.

The embargo drove New England to the verge of secession. The Republican Party was riven by the fierce attacks of John Randolph of Roanoke on the President's Florida policy. The acquittal of Aaron Burr

(Continued on Page 29)

A DOCUMENT THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



The Announcement of the Declaration in Front of the State House in Philadelphia.

Generous Impulses of the Declaration Affected Six Continents

By WILLIAM E. DODD.
Professor of History, University of Chicago.

A decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights.

THIS appeal to the reason of men everywhere and the assertion that all men are created equal, and not the mere secession of the American Colonies from the British Empire, made of the American Declaration of Independence a universal challenge that gives it rank with Martin Luther's similar challenge of Oct. 31, 1517. And the forest philosophy put forward 150 years ago in the little city of Philadelphia has proved to be as wise and as revolutionary as that of the bold monk of Wittenberg who risked his life in the promulgation of his platform of religious independence. The two challenges make the most important documents of modern history.

But the men who put out the declaration at Philadelphia, rather than the monks who startled the world with their radicalism at Wittenberg, are our theme this Fourth of July. A more remarkable group has rarely appeared.

Jefferson Heads List

Thomas Jefferson, the author, stands first; a frontier farmer, a master of many slaves, a pamphleteer and a lawmaker, gentle, kindly, red-haired and awkward, just 33 years old, a man of universal sympathy, in love with men and nature; a great soul, as fifty checkered years were to show.

Of less importance but necessary to the picture was Patrick Henry, the Scotch "demagogue," as all good Virginians are ready to agree. The "long hunter" from the hills of Hanover—easy-going, ill-dressed, till he married the redoubtable Dorothy Dandridge; the author of "Give me liberty or give me death," in every revolutionary mouth that Summer of 1776; stooping, blue-eyed, easy-talking—had prepared the greatest of the English colonies for the daring words of Jefferson. Patrick Henry, fiery, ambitious, scheming, 44 years old.

Another and of a different type was Samuel Adams, the "palsied traitor" of the turbulent Boston town meeting, in threadbare clothes, ancient hat and weatherbeaten shoes; clever, sleepless, unscrupulous, ever bringing George III and his loyal Governor of Massachusetts into ill repute. Samuel Adams, 54 years old, his poor wife and needy children about him, and his cousin John, the stalwart and prosperous husband of the incomparable Abigail Quincy, had prepared the Puritan Commonwealth—if it had ever been otherwise, at least the farmers on the poor hills, the shopkeepers, the distillers and the ship carpenters of Boston—for independence and equality.

Four unique and radical figures supervised and guided by the most interesting of all: Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, 70 years old, healthy, rotund, stooping, wise even beyond his years, a master printer and pamphleteer, maker of sayings and phrases already known far and near, a philosopher heeded among the great of London and honored in the salons of Paris; Franklin reading and revising the great document as it fell hot from the pen of the impetuous Virginian.

Virginia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania making ready in the persons of their greatest sons a document that was to set a world on fire, promulgating a faith that was already hastening men into the harness of war!

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NOR was the great world on the other side of the Atlantic entirely unready for the message. In France the little, wicked, restless form of Voltaire, "dry as a pinch of snuff," ridiculing, reviling, satirizing men, their religion and their Governments, now a hero in Paris, now an exile at the Court of Frederick the Great, was in the last turn of his eventful life waiting, as it were, for the advent of Franklin and the great revolution that was to follow. What had he not done to undermine the foundations of European society?

The Inimitable Rousseau

And near him, a little younger, a little more serious, was the inimitable Jean Jacques Rousseau, author of the revolutionary "Contrat Social" and the entrancing "Emile," stirring books read by plebeians and princes, hard-faced politicians like Mirabeau, and profound philosophers like Immanuel Kant, far off there on the sandy plains of Prussia; Rousseau, veritable prophet of a new age, still worshiped, still feared and hated, with enthusiasms which show his immortality. These and their disciples had made France ready for the gospel of the American wilderness as propounded by Thomas Jefferson.

And England, victor but a few years before in a great world war, patching together her vast conquests, struggling and quarreling about huge debts, about taxes and markets, about free speech and the repression of free speech; the England of the aging Chatham and the rising Burke, of John Wilkes and the wicked Charles James Fox—England hated by Frenchmen, free and unfree, by Frederick the Great, who could never forget his grievance, by Holland, not yet ready to yield her vast prestige, her long dominion of the seas, to the island kingdom. But England was mistress of the oceans and not slow to tell you about it.

Europe was making ready for the American doctrine; strange doctrine from a little people dwelling on the slopes of remote mountains, clearing patches of ground for the planting of Indian corn, content with their freedom in log cabins, dressed in hunting shirts and buckskin leggings, deadly rifles on their shoulders at times, setting up free local governments where they would, or worshiping God as they would under great oak trees.

Voltaire and Rousseau, sour, troubled France, turbulent British politics and after-war cynicism had indeed prepared hardened Europe for a new epoch, for the simple philosophy of North America, so like that of the "Contrat Social" and the incomparable "Emile." Without such a Europe one can hardly imagine the American hardihood of 1776.

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AND the issue was already joined. The war that began at Lexington took the high road to success at Bunker Hill, then plunged into the slough of despond in New York and New Jersey, the farmers of the countryside taking to the hills or, what was worse, taking their produce to the British commissary.

France looked on with deepening interest; she sent thousands of soldiers across the Atlantic to save the reckless Americans from the consequences of their bold conduct. The Declaration of Independence, with its complementary appeals from all the revolting Colonies, was published by order of the King of France, Benjamin Franklin there to explain and annotate! France was dealing in dangerous goods, the poor King handling social dynamite when he put the American bills of rights into the hands of the restless Parisians.

The Echoes in France

The salons rejoiced when the Americans won a battle, wept when they lost; the King enjoyed the prospect of revenge for the losses of the last great war; and the pamphleteers shouted aloud the American ideas of liberty and equality. Benjamin Franklin in his simple clothes and fur cap was the rage, handsome French maidens upon his knees, his manners imitated all over the realm. The grande nation that hesitated at the naturalism of Rousseau rejoiced at the more dangerous naturalism of Jefferson. Men hated the British so deeply that the Americans, the most British of the British, were loved. Government by opinion, equality of men and what was called liberty, ideals of the Declaration, had captured wide segments of French society.

In England, too, there was Burke, who never comprehended Jefferson and Franklin; the madcap Thomas Cooper, the gentle scientist Priestly and the roistering William Cobbett, all of whom were so ensnared by

The Reading of the Declaration Caused Great Rejoicing and the Royal Coat-of-Arms Was Burned Publicly.

OUR FATHERS (1776-1926)—*By Alfred Noyes*

I

Whose hands inscribed that charter of mankind
Through which the thunders of the Atlantic roll?
No rebels they, but England's living soul,
Their names with all her memories are entwined.
Stockton—on Tees!—There spoke her own true mind
Against a blundering ruler's blind control;
Heyward, and breaths of Poolmead clover stole
Over the salt wave, even while he signed.

Wolcott, of Galdon Manor—flower and bird
Twist it through Somerset hedgerows. Lightfoot Lee
Rides with John Hancock over the Yorkshire fells.
John Hart,—ask Rosalind if he never heard
A song in Arden under the greenwood tree,
With rhymes as mellow as Meretone marriage-bells.

II

Their names, with many a bridegroom, many a bride,
Had rung through English chancels many a day;
Thornton, whose thorns were bright with Cambridge may;
Langdon, who squired our Kentish countryside;
Franklin, brother in blood to him who died
Under our flag among those ice-fields gray;
Or Chaucer's friend that up the Pilgrim's Way
Through an eternal April now must ride.

Walton, through all our brooks that name runs wild.
Huntington, all the ghosts of Sherwood rise,
In Lincoln green, to acclaim that avatar;
Livingston, our discoverer; Penn, our child;
Rodney, whose fleets brought home so many a prize;
And Nelson, on all seas, our pilot-star.

III

Our fathers, seven score years and ten ago . . .
What Shadow is this up-towering through the night
Like a gaunt pine-tree on a mountain height
Round which the winds of God for ever flow?
I heard him breathing to the realms below
The universal covenant,—Right is right.
The law of God is Freedom's only light.
I saw the stars in his gnarled fingers glow.

Then, kneeling on gaunt knees, he bowed his head,—
Not unto us, O God, O never our own
The pride or power of this world-nation's birth!
Once more, before our ancient faith lie dead
Save us, lest we, too, glory in Babylon,
And the Soul utterly perish from our earth.

the American doctrine that they later crossed the sea to taste its good effects. These and a host of others dreamed of a better and greater England across the Atlantic. Nor must one forget the jeering Frederick the Great, pointing his bony finger of contempt at the British King and his blundering armies.

When at last the battle of Yorktown and the treaty of Versailles set the new nation upon the high road that was to lead to another and a similar treaty of Versailles in 1919, all the world took note. George Washington became President of a new Government, the author of the Declaration of Independence its Secretary of State—a country in which nearly all men voted, where representation was fairly just and equal, where all authority was derived from the consent of the people, and where both economic and religious freedom were all but the rule.

The Ancient Régime Passes

It was a miracle which delighted and frightened the French, delighted the returned soldiers and their plain kinsfolk, and frightened those privileged classes whose hatred of England had saved the new republic from early disaster. Revenge was not an unmixed joy, as the event was soon to show.

France, learning daily more and more of America, swept away her ancient régime, set up a system designed very much upon the American model, and emblazoned on her banners not merely the resounding words liberty and equality—their slogan was made to read: Liberty, equality and fraternity, too perfect a trinity for the illogical Americans. Sam Adams wrote his friend at Montpello that the French had adopted our system, made themselves its apostles to the Continent, and were endeavoring to compel England to a like revolution. Adams was right.

The Declaration of Independence was the starting point for the French Revolution, and the amazing epoch which followed reveals the potency of the ideals proclaimed on July 4, 1776. Napoleon I with all his love of power was a convert, nor did he ever lose sight of America as the teacher of Europe, the little child leading the giant over the rough and unaccustomed ways. But when in 1815 the great epoch came to an end, Europe tried to put away "childish things." The wilderness philosophy was forgotten when the hands of the clock were turned back twenty years. Was it the end?

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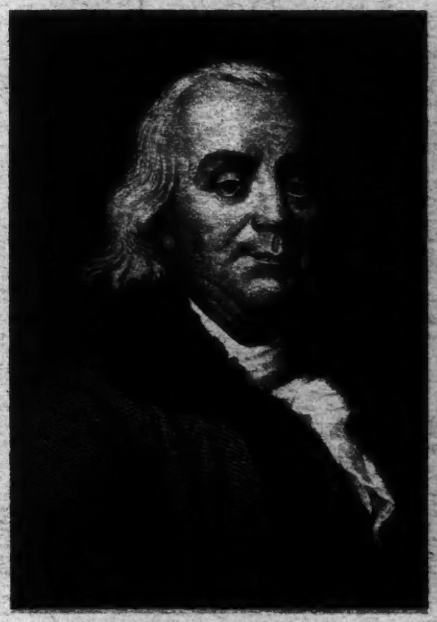
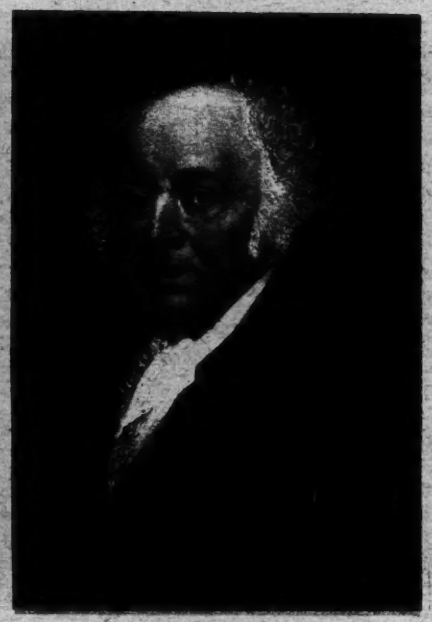
WHEN the Continent of Europe abandoned all pretense of democracy, American or other, the English began to think more of it. Alexander I of Russia and Prince Metternich of Austria set themselves the task of defeating or thwarting every popular movement in the modern world. The British Government, though none too democratic, discovered the United States and in 1823 joined in a sort of entente with the Monroe Administration under which all Spanish American peoples were encouraged to revolt against their continental overlords.

The Declaration of Independence was read afresh and adopted, in one form or another, all over the wide region from Texas to Patagonia.



Benjamin Franklin.



John Adams.

Nor did the English themselves escape the contagious influence of their former subjects. From 1820 to 1840 the great reform movement covered that country. The bones of Thomas Paine and the portrait of Thomas Jefferson were carried in great processions through many towns of England. There was an epidemic of democracy, demands for a wider-based suffrage, fair and equal representation, government based upon the consent of the governed. The American philosophers of 1776 were coming into their own again.

In 1830 there were revolutions; thrones were upset and hoary privilege rudely jostled. But in 1848 the Continent was convulsed; self determination of peoples, manhood suffrage, equal representation, a free church and economic equality became ringing slogans. In France Louis Philippe was overthrown and exiled; in Germany revolutions sprang up in a score of capitals, the people were seized with a rage for democracy the Declaration and the Constitution being held up as models for imitation; in Austria and in Italy, the scenes of the great revolution were all but re-enacted. Everywhere men pointed to America and England as examples.

But the current was not deep. Reaction set in. Thousands were exiled or exiled themselves to the plains of the Mississippi Valley, there to try for themselves the American gospel. The thrones of Prussia and Austria were rebuilt, democracy was everywhere satirized. It was the day of Bismarck in Berlin and Palmerston in London, clever reactionists with sense enough to build better monarchies than the old ones; it was the day of Abraham Lincoln and his terrible struggle for democracy in the home of democracy.

The world-wide conflict between clever realists and hesitating democrats was on—in the United States the cruel reconstruction and the accompanying zeal for tariff privilege; in Japan the rejuvenated oligarchy; in Prussia the Bismarckian autocracy; everywhere gaudy uniforms, guns and great navies, the "rule of might giving the rule of right." Jefferson was dead a second time; Bismarck ruled the day and in a little while Roosevelt and the big stick, William II and the shining sword succeeded.

Once more the wilderness appeal came to a hearing. After all, Sam Adams and Benjamin Franklin were not dead. In 1914 the régime of Bismarck came into world-wide conflict with the ideas of the Declaration. It was an awful conflict and there were many and mixed motives, but above all it was plain to the wayfaring man that the Central empires would establish forever the rule of armed might upon the ruins of weaker peoples.

The United States grown immensely rich, a little ashamed of her earlier enthusiams and selling supplies at enormous profits, her people intermingled too with great blocs of recent immigrants from the warring powers hardly knew what the merits of the struggle were. Four years they held aloof, the most contrary and conflicting motives seeming to prevail. But there were ever the old traditions, the half-forgotten slogans of Jefferson and Lincoln, monitors of men's consciences.

The endangered nations of Europe reannounced the ancient American pleas: self-determination, the rights of peoples small and great, religious freedom, government by opinion. After a critical national campaign and not without doubt and hesitation, the United States entered upon the struggle, intervened in Europe as Europe had intervened in America in 1778, intervened with the weight and the might of a hundred million people. Taking up the appeals of the weaker peoples of Europe, the American President, in tones that were heard around the world and in phrases as eloquent as those of 1776, proclaimed all the old principles: self-determination, freedom of the seas, freedom of conscience, government by the consent of the governed.

The Declaration of Independence was in a fair way to world acceptance, all Spanish-America lending support to the United States, save unhappy Mexico. It looked like a new day, like the fruition of more than a century of American preaching. No people was to impose its will upon any other; no nation was to take economic advantage of its power or position; great armies and great navies were to be done away. Such was the promise of the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918.

The Great Promise Failed

A strange reaction set in. The United States became afraid of "a new day." France was unwilling to leave Germany free and self-sustaining. England had to guard the seven seas. The American President went in person to Europe to labor with uneasy diplomats. The great promise failed, the Declaration fading steadily as the bitter peace was drawn. The world slipped back into its slough of despond, the United States with it.

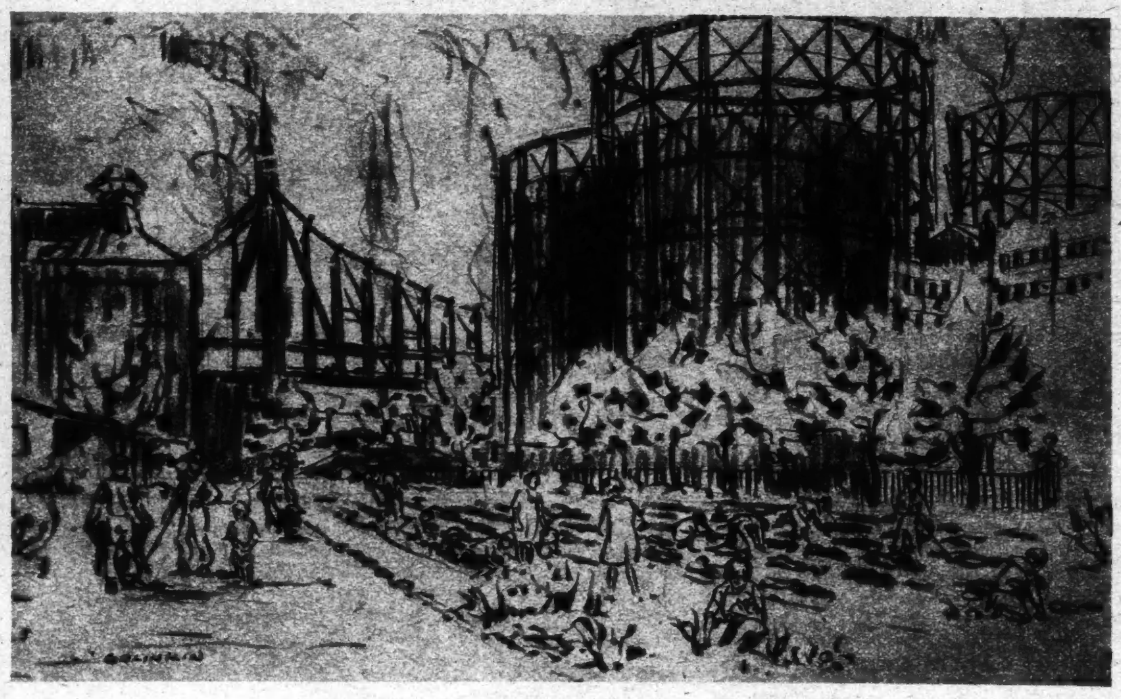
But it has been a great century and a half. All men everywhere have read the Declaration of 1776. Most men have at times heard its noble appeal; some men never have ceased to be swayed by its generous impulses, while all the world has been benefited. In spite of that spurious aloofness which rules the hour, the people of the United States may well be proud of the men and the principles of 1776.

A decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights.

CITY CHILDREN FARM WITH 'INJUN' SEEDS

They Cultivate the Redman's Plants in The Shadow of Gas Tanks



In the Shadows of the Gas Tanks They Have Planted a Farm.

By MILDRED ADAMS

OVER on Avenue A, in the very shadow of the gas tanks, they have planted a new farm. At first it had a hard time, what with the cold days of a backward Spring and the lack of proper rains. Its anxious young attendants almost took a holiday from school when the first green shoots poked their inquiring way into the sunshine. For this is not merely "one of the kids' gardens," but a very special plot, bearing in its fifteen-foot square of ground the legacy of strange foods which the Indians on Manhattan gave to the first white settlers.

Beans and pumpkins and squash are there, slim shoots of corn and furry leaves of sunflowers, and in the centre the blazing star, that flower whose blossoming always told wandering Indians when it was time to go back home and harvest their crops. Except for the flower, Avenue A knows these crops well. Some of them the children have grown and carried proudly home to the family dinner table. Others have flourished in the "family plot," which father hoed and mother weeded, while the youngest made mud pies on the edge and the twins fought for the honor of carrying the watering pot.

A Great Privilege

But in spite of their familiarity, Avenue A is greatly excited over these particular beans and pumpkins and squash. Boys and girls leave their own precious gardens to lean anxiously above the tiny plants, and the right to pull a weed is granted by young captains as a great privilege. One small person, whose height was hardly greater than his plump width, deposited his red fireman's hat gravely on the path and patted the earth with a grubby forefinger. "Injun seeds," he lisped to himself. Then, liking the sound of it, "Injun seeds!" he proclaimed to the world.

Injun seeds they are, and that is the secret of the new garden's lure. Dr. Melvin R. Gilmore, of the Museum of the American Indian, had them sent from the West, where Indians still farm, and presented them to the Children's Garden of the New York Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, which cultivates land lent by the Rockefeller Institute. With ceremony running to the heights of ice cream the seeds were carefully planted, and Dr. Gilmore, who is a gray scientist with a shy tongue and an unquenchable imagination, told the children stories of Indian farming as the white man found it.

The farming Indian has been generally omitted from both history and literature. One's pet picture shows an embattled Pilgrim warding off arrows with one hand while he hoes corn with the other. The truth of the matter is that if it hadn't been for the Indians he would have had no corn to hoe, and it is more than possible that there would then have been no Pilgrim to do the hoeing. For the seeds that Pilgrims and Dutch settlers alike brought with them from Europe did not take kindly to the new climate, and crop failures were tragically common. The Indians, farming here for uncounted years, had no such difficulty. More than once they saved the white invaders from actual starvation with gifts of seed and lessons in how to plant and use them.

It was not that the Europeans were poor farmers. The trouble was that these were foods they had never met before, and they had no knowledge of their cultivation or their use. The Indian had been growing them for so many years that legends had gathered around them and complicated ceremonies bore witness to their long past.

Of these, the most important concerned the corn, for corn, with its various kinds and its many uses, was the mainstay of their existence. Longfellow, in the "Hiawatha," that every school child reads, tells one legend of the first coming of the corn.

Every tribe had its consecrated cornfield, sacred ground on which no profane foot might step. It was under the special care of the priests and medicine men and the sure protection of the spirits. All sorts of taboo surrounded it, grown up out of the very practical fact that its preservation might mean the difference between life and death to the whole tribe. For even if hostile Indians burned ordinary cornfields, they would be a little fearful of rousing vengeful spirits, and so the sacred field would be left untouched to provide the tribe with seed corn for another year.

The Iroquois, one of the great Six Nations centring in Upper New York State, made it a rule that every expedition that went forth, for whatever reason, should keep a bright eye open for new foods and bring home seeds and plants. It was probably thus that corn first reached the northern seaboard from its original home in Central America. Long ages ago it was only one of the thousands of wild jungle plants. Scientists think that the Mayas were the first people to tame it and make it grow in an orderly fashion. Isthmian Indians carried it into Mexico, and from there the Cadowan tribes took it up through the Mississippi Valley to the Great Lakes, whence it spread east and west.

Corn was not of one kind. Indeed, the Indians had five varieties which we never use, and they had domesticated it to suit the various localities in which they had tribal headquarters. But the white settlers did not know that, and when they began their great migration into the Middle West they carried their seed corn with them. Today the wide corn belt of the Mississippi Valley is placidly and successfully growing corn that the Indians domesticated for Virginia.

But in the Northwest, where Spring comes late and Winter early, the Southern corn would not do so well. Crop failures cost the farmers thousands of dollars until they learned that Indians who were still farming there had corn that would grow to maturity in the short Summer.

Beans, too, have their stories, and one of the prettiest comes from the West. A wild prairie bean drops some of its seed into the ground, where it is found by the bean mouse. The tiny creature collects hoards of beans for Winter food, and the plains Indians, watching both plant and mice, trace the storage places and take away part of the crop for their own use. But they never fail to put back some bit of food, meat or fat or surplus grain, in thanks to the little animal who serves them so well.

On Manhattan Island corn and beans, pumpkins, squashes and sunflowers grew in forest clearings. What the island looked like in those early days you can imagine from the appearance of its northwestern end, still wooded and rocky up around Fort Tryon and Inwood. Further south, steam shovels, dynamite and grading teams have cut down the hills, blasted the rocks and filled the little streams, but in the days before the restless white man came the island was a rocky, precipitous tangle, threaded by a single great trail which worked its way from the Battery up to Inwood and on to Westchester, following for part of its route the line of lower Broadway.

The Indian villages were mainly fishing and trading stations along the shores of the Hudson and the East rivers, but at least three towns inland are known to have had gardens large enough to supply their inhabitants with vegetable food.

The Great Maize Land

The biggest, busiest and most important of these was Werpoes. It harvested its corn and beans from the plot now occupied by the far less productive City Hall Park. Where Fourteenth Street crosses Second Avenue the smaller village of Shopmoes had a garden, and further north, at 176th Street and Broadway, was the clearing known as the Great Maize Land, gardened by Indians who lived on the heights of what later became Fort Washington Park.

It was the Indians of Werpoes who gravely sold the entire island to Peter Minuit for the Dutch equivalent of $24. The little village sat on the edge of a tiny pond, called by the Dutch "the Kolch," a pond of just the right size to make fine paddling space for Indian babies. Two streams ran from it to east and west, and in the time of Spring rains these streams were so swollen that canoes could be paddled from the East River to the Hudson without going around the island's stormy end. The garden was south of the village, and at one side lay the community garbage pile, mostly filled with oyster shells.

Those Werpoes Indians must have been passionate oyster eaters. More than two centuries later, when Pearl Street west of Park Row was graded, the shovels bit into a heap of oyster shells so huge and so important that scientists in museums and colleges left their laboratories and hastened down to hold grave conferences and microscopic examinations over the remains.

That part of town has always attracted conferences. Long before

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After School Hours They Cultivate Their Little Plots.

NEW TURKEY CLINGS TO OLD ISLAM WAYS

Divorcing of Religion From State Causes No Lessening of Piety in The Holy Week of Ramazan

The Mosque of San Sophia at Constantinople.

By ROSE LEE

ANGORA.

THERE is only one official holiday in New Turkey—the day on which the republic was proclaimed. Formerly, it was different. There was no such thing as a national holiday in Turkey, only a number of religious festivals celebrated everywhere in the Mussulman world.

During the great fast of Ramazan, which lasts from sunrise to sunset every day for thirty days, all the Government offices in the Ottoman Empire used to be closed each morning. The shops kept hours of marvelous irregularity and the better part of the population wore out the day in sleep. This was perhaps the wisest way to avoid temptation, for any Moslem found venturing into a restaurant during Ramazan, or even lighting a cigarette in the street, was hauled off for fine or imprisonment.

Now there are no such restrictions in Turkey. One is free, during Ramazan, to fast or to feast, as economy suggests. Since Church and State have gone their separate ways the police do not trouble about the conventions of religion. Islam has been divested of its official stamp, along with its jurisdiction over political and social life. What remains is a religion as purely personal as that of any Protestant sect in the West.

The Star and Crescent

Star and Crescent are still blazoned white upon the blood-red flag of Turkey—a flag that continues to fly from windows and housetops on days of religious festival, but it can never again become the standard in a so-called Holy War and will not rise militant again unless the soil of Turkey is attacked.

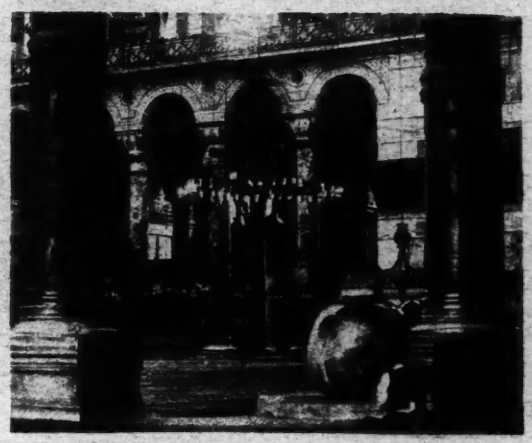
That flag is no longer an emblem of the Faith. It has become the emblem of a national spirit all the more fervent and feverish for being new. The Turkish State renounced its missionary pretensions when it put aside the theocratic form of government. The republic doffed fanaticism with the fez and has taken instead to bowler hats and patriotism.

The men of the Government need not give the appearance any more of being devout, since the State is no longer founded upon a religious basis. They can proceed frankly upon a philosophy of trial and error, instead of upon fatalistic submission to the will of God. Now there is pragmatism in Turkish politics to a degree that must gladden the ghost of William James. Laws are passed and amended within the space of a few months. Statesmen are tested and, if found wanting, tossed aside.

It is true that most of the ex-soldiers who administer the policies of the young republic have never made the acquaintance of the strong-minded American philosopher just mentioned. They act on his precepts unconsciously. But in the Turkish universities, among the young people and among the professors, there is a great vogue for William James. And the professional theorists, the writers for the Government organs, who follow in the wake of the men of action and rationalise their conduct, agree that pragmatism is the ruling philosophy of New Turkey.

The masses, meanwhile, continue their devotions undisturbed. It is true that you no longer see men making their prostrations on the street when the hour of prayer is called; that has not been seen in Turkey for many years. But you never pass a large mosque and fail to find two or three fellows squatting on the marble slabs and washing their feet before going to pray. On a Friday evening there are plenty of worshipers to answer the muezzins' cry. During the last Ramazan season, I am told, the crowds in the mosques were larger than they had been for years.

I saw men flock to St. Sophia in the twilight hours of Ramazan and kneel down under the blazing chandeliers, while the noise of their chanting echoed from rim to rim of the wide-vaulted dome. The fez forbidden, most of the men wore close-fitting caps without vizors, that their foreheads might still touch the ground as they prayed. It was interesting to note that some were bareheaded, a thing that would have been scandalous two years ago.



An Interior View of San Sophia.

I saw many old men with grizzled beards and nut-brown faces, and many who were ragged. They knelt side by side with an occasional well-to-do merchant, for the practice of Islam makes men equal. Nobody can buy a pew in a mosque, and the floor is free to all. This is a symbol of that genuine absence of class distinctions, achieved through centuries of Mohammedan legislation, that today renders democracy something more than a catch-word in New Turkey.

I speculated as to why the Ramazan crowds were so large this year. Apparently, it was the same phenomenon that followed the separation of Church and State in France, when, for a time, that country became more devoutly Catholic than ever before. In Turkey, Church and State have been separated ever since 1922, when the last Sultan quit the country on board a British man-of-war. A little later the Caliphate was abolished. Finally, on Oct. 29, 1923, the republic was formally proclaimed, and the last remnant of the old political order vanished. But the social legislation affecting Islam is very recent; nearly all of it has appeared in the period between this Ramazan and the last.

Within a year's time the fez has been banned and the religious houses have been closed. The monasteries, shrines and religious schools have been permanently shut down. Education in Turkey has become almost wholly secular, and theology may be studied only at the universities. Sick people must be carried to a doctor for cure, instead of to a saint's tomb. The dervishes no longer whirl with ecstatic abandon, and their ancient enemies, the hodjas, or priests, have been reduced in number. Finally have come the new codes of law, completely effacing the old ecclesiastical codes.

This sensational list of reforms is Mustapha Kemal's reply to the Kurdish revolt of last Spring. At that time a religious reaction was fomented, for political ends, among the peasants of the Eastern provinces. Instead of placating the religious castes after their revolt, as the Shah Riza Khan was obliged to do in Persia, Mustapha Kemal took measures that would make such rebellion unlikely in the future. The abolition of the fez and the closing of the religious houses took place last Summer, by order of the President, at a date when the Legislature was out of session. It was a bold gesture and characteristic of the man.

A House of Whirling Dervishes, Now Extinct in Turkey.

Today, when you meet a nodja gliding down the street in his white turban and loose-sleeved robe—last vestige of the picturesque in Turkey—you will find him extremely subdued. Usually he gathers his long, furred robe about him and moves rapidly, with bent head, is if preferring to escape observation. Now that his voice can no longer be heard in the schools or shrines or courts, he is a very insignificant person, a mere employe of the State, who must take care to respect his masters if he wishes to save his skin.

There are just enough hodjas (and no more) to man the 10,000 mosques in Turkey. Their duties are restricted to the Kingdom of God. At any rate, they are no longer the keepers of the country's statistics, now that a civil ceremony is required in marriage, now that births and deaths must be registered with the local authorities.

At Turkish dinner tables tales are still told of Nasr-Eddin Hodja, the rollicking Rabelaisian priest who lightened the black humors of Tamerlaine when that Tatar monarch came to Angora in the fifteenth century. At modern tables set "alla Franca" with knives and forks and napkins, at old-fashioned boards where the diners sit "alla Turca" on the floor and use their fingers in place of cutlery, Nasr-Eddin Hodaj is ever a joyful guest. But his shrinking modern prototype is more often received with the mixture of reserve and contempt that Orientals use in greeting one fallen from grace. Since the reforms of last Summer, the priesthood is tolerated but suspect, as were Jesuits in England after the flight of the Stuarts.

Monks and Dervishes Gone

Of the religious orders in Turkey there remain only the preaching hodjas, the imams or caretakers of the mosques, the muezzins, who call the hours of prayer so wailingly from the minarets, and the mufti or doctrinal chiefs in every district. The wandering priest, who lived by his wits and fattened upon the superstition of the countryside, is gone; and all the rest—monks and dervishes, Judges in the ecclesiastical courts and teachers learned only in sacred verses—have vanished, too, like smoke from the horizon.

Where they have gone Heaven only knows. Some of them, certainly, have taken to practical trades. A few have turned their vocal talents to effect and become deputies in the Grand National Assembly. Others, wearing civilian dress and moving cautiously among their neighbors, must meditate bitterly in their hearts upon the good medieval days when a cleric was sure of his living.

From being the State religion in Turkey, Islam has become instead a religion controlled by the State. The Church has been rendered politely harmless. Its departments are under the gentle but firm surveillance of Ismet Pasha, Prime Minister of the Turkish Republic. Under the new system, the Minister of Evkaf, who formerly devoted the income from Church property to a kind of wholesale alms-giving, has become a mere department head, financing, under Government orders, the erection of houses, schools and public buildings. The once-powerful Sheik ul Islam (a Minister appointed, not by the Grand Vizier, like all the others, but by the Sultan himself), has been replaced by a "Director of Cults and Religions."

The present-day successor to the Sheik ul Islam is not a wily politician, but a simple son of the

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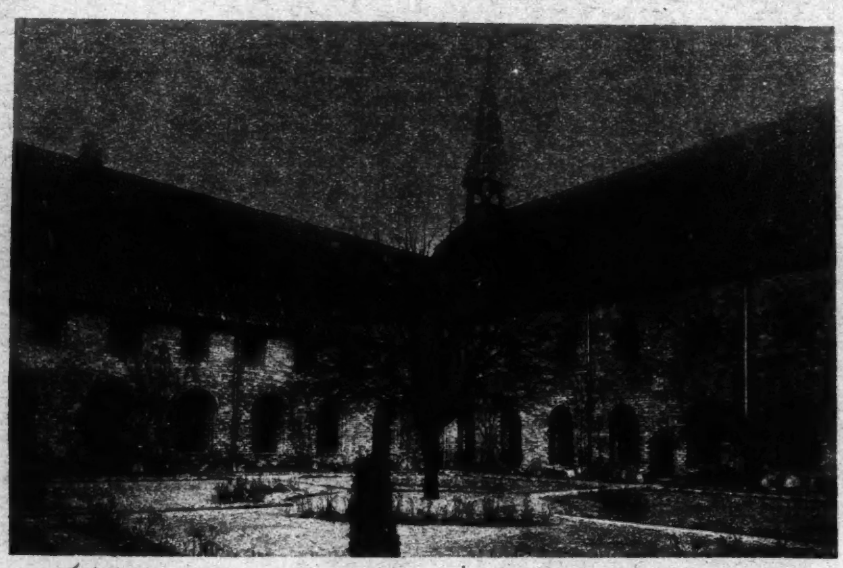
HAMLET'S TOWN IS 500 YEARS OLD

Elsinore Opens Its Festival Today and Will Stage Shakespeare Plays



Courtyard of the Carmelite Monastery, Elsinore, Denmark, Where the Ancient Morality Play, "Everyman," Will Be Produced During the Town's Birthday Festival.

By CLAIR PRICE

ELSINORE.

THIS is Hamlet's home town. The whole place has been flattened down and trampled over like so much grass with memories of Hamlet, for it was in the big castle of Kronborg, overlooking the Sound at the east end of the town, that Shakespeare placed his gloomy hero. Small provincial towns with their pockets full of fame are not always easy to get along with, but Hamlet's home town bears the weight of its fame gracefully. Fifteen thousand melancholy Danes live here in the Winter. I think it is the weather that makes them melancholy. A Danish Winter would make even a Dane melancholy. But when the brief and belated Summer arrives, half of Copenhagen filters up through the beech woods of the Danish Riviera, and Hamlet's home town becomes a Danish Monte Carlo, and points to its busy little shipyard as evidence that it serves purposes of utility as well as of beauty in the world.

Nights Are Short

On the beaches, in the Casino grounds, in the hotels along the Sound, in the park of the old royal chateau of Marienlyst, even in Kronborg castle itself, it is day all day in the daytime, and there is scarcely any night in these latitudes. The opening of the magnificent old castle to the public is a recent event. The garrison marched out only a month or two ago, in long red capes with collars turned up. The bifurcated Danish flag, a white cross on a red ground, still rises above the battery to acknowledge the salutes of passing steamers, but carpenters have ripped out the barracks beneath the bastions, and the old "No Admission" signs have been knocked down.

Kronborg castle has been turned over to the civilians—all of it, from the massive forefoot which it plants in the Sound and the rows of ugly little cannon that stare above its outer bastions to the delicate copper-sheeted spires dyed a brilliant green by the fogs, gales and snows of Danish Winters, spires covered with legends like lichen.

The rooms where Frederik II drank, where Christian IV made love, where Tycho Brahe studied the stars, where Hamlet slew the King; the halls of state from which the powerful Danish courts forced the world's shipping to pay tribute to the Danish flag, are now given over to museums. In the cobbled courtyard is an elderly Danish woman in black, with a rattling ring of keys at her belt, who will show you the chapel on payment of a fee. It would be only a little more wonderful if Gibraltar were to be evacuated and turned over to the Society of Antiquaries.

In a way, it is a pity. It is sometimes forgotten that one of the most important functions of a garrison is to decorate the cafés in the vicinity of its barracks. In Europe even the iciest Pilsner and the most swoonful waltz are incomplete without the presence of a silver-braided cap, a tight collar crusted heavily with silver braid and a loop of a silver cord across a tightly buttoned chest. But Hamlet's home town will have to get along hereafter as well as it can without its garrison, and in time the click and color of its garrison days may be forgotten.

Even now a vision of its past is sometimes obscured by the smoke of a Danish cigar between the lips of a dainty little waxwork from Copenhagen. Yellow hair, blue eyes, ruddy cheeks and the weaving blue smoke of a long brown cigar—it is a Nordic combination which, when first encountered, is likely to obscure much. You must have heard of the Nordics.

No doubt the customary crush from Copenhagen will fill Hamlet's home town this Summer, lunching in every café window on snaps and smörrebrod, and crooning "Skoal" in tones of linked sweetness long drawn out. I doubt whether it is strictly Victorian for young Nordic ladies to murmur "Sko-al" in that manner. Still, if their parents know about it, it is not for me to say anything. Hamlet, where art thou?

This Summer Elsinore is to celebrate its five hundredth birthday. Six weeks of continuous festivities begin today. Early in the morning the trumpets will peal from the castle, the cannon will thunder a salute across the Sound, and Hamlet's native place will cry "Skoal" to that flat-faced Erik of Pommern who gave it the status of a town in 1426. Incidentally, one week of the festal Summer will be devoted to reminding the world that it is the scene of Hamlet's tragedy, and to planning to live up to its fame a little more adequately than hitherto. At present Elsinore is even citing Oberammergau's success in another histrionic direction as an example of what it wants to do for Hamlet in the future.

Elsinore Levied Tribute

The truth is that Elsinore has not always been aware of Hamlet. But there is an extenuating circumstance which ought to be mentioned. From 1430, very soon after Erik of Pommern established the town, down to 1857, when a somewhat angry world finally bought off the Sound duties in perpetuity, the gold exacted from every merchantman passing through the Sound was poured into Elsinore. It may be that there are one or two seamen still alive who remember anchoring off Kronborg in the days of their youth, while their masters went ashore to provision in Elsinore and to pay their Sound duties at the old custom house.

The narrow sound is still as intimate a waterway as it used to be, the coasts of Sweden and Denmark are as close and quite as green, the familiar green spires and the steep green roofs still crown the red-brown walls of Kronborg Castle, but the town of Helsingborg on the Swedish side has become a considerable place, with factory chimneys and a population of 50,000, while the town of Elsinore, behind Kronborg Castle on the Danish side, has sadly declined. The days when sailors were baptized on passing Kronborg for the first time, when 10,000 merchantmen a year anchored off Kronborg to provision and pay duty, have passed.

The rows of ship chandlers' yards in Stone Street disappeared with the sound duties in 1857. The old custom house at the foot of Stone Street lasted until 1860, then it emptied its ledgers into Kronborg Castle museum and disappeared in its turn. The lion of Denmark occupies its site nowadays and its ledgers are exhibited in one of Kronborg's museums. Not all of them before 1557 have survived, but from that date all the way down to 1857 they are complete—300 years in which the names, masters, cargoes, ports of departure and destination, lengths of voyages and amounts of sound duties paid are recorded for every merchantman entering or leaving the Baltic.

To this day Kronborg Castle remains the symbol of home to Danes the world over, a weather-greened reminder of the time when the Danish flag ruled the seas from St. Petersburg to the North Cape, the haunt of that Danish Holger who sleeps with his long beard grown fast to his stone table, waiting to wake to the defense of Denmark. To Danes it does not matter that Kronborg Castle is the finest piece of Gothic in all the Scandinavian north. What matters is that Kronborg still stands with its massive forefoot planted in the waters of one of the world's great sea gates; that more than any other of Denmark's numerous castles, more even than Christianborg in the king's Copenhagen, it still says in the lift and dip of its Danish flag, "Here stands Denmark."

But you can't extract snaps and smörrebrod from history. Memories, however inspiring, will not feed a town, certainly not a Danish town. The year 1857 was a dreadful year for Elsinore. All that saved the place from dropping to the local fame of a Danish watering place was the presence of mind of its café and hotel proprietors, who proclaimed an old and familiar local monument, a plain shaft with nothing about it to reveal the object to which it had been dedicated, as the grave of Hamlet. They went further and discovered the very brook in which Ophelia was drowned. Both are pointed out in Elsinore to this day, although a nice regard for accuracy would reveal that the only Hamlet site in all Elsinore—or in all Denmark, for that matter—is Kronborg Castle itself.

How Shakespeare Did It

With the half-legendary Amleth, upon whom Shakespeare based the story of Hamlet, Elsinore has no connection whatever. Shakespeare used the old Amleth legend freely. He wrote "Hamlet" in 1601, at a time when the new castle of Kronborg (Frederik II finished it about 1585) was the seat of the Danish court and one of the most powerful positions in the world. He arbitrarily laid his greatest play in Elsinore, opening it on "a platform before the castle," continuing it in "a room of state in the castle"—in short, laying most of its twenty scenes in "the castle"—Kronborg Castle. Whether Shakespeare had ever been at Kronborg, what he knew of Kronborg and how he learned it are questions that long ago passed into the voluminous field of Shakespearean research.

Thus far it has hardly been possible for Elsinore to undertake the artistic responsibilities which its sober-minded citizens have long discerned in the association of their castle with Hamlet. Until a month or two ago the castle was a barracks and was closed to civilians, but now that it has been evacuated the way is open. The museums, occupying one side of its great quadrangle, are devoted to the Danish Navy and mercantile marine, the sound duties, Tycho Brahe and Greenland. At present no part of the castle is devoted to a museum of the more famous productions of Hamlet, from those of Burbage, who produced for

(Continued on Page 29)

Imposing Kronborg Castle, Elsinore, Where Shakespeare Placed the Gloomy Hamlet.

CANADA AWAITS A NEW ROYAL GOVERNOR

Lord Willingdon Has Long Been Trained In Service of the Empire

The House of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada, With Victory Tower. The Building, Completed in 1922, Replaced the Structure That Was Destroyed by Fire in 1917.

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

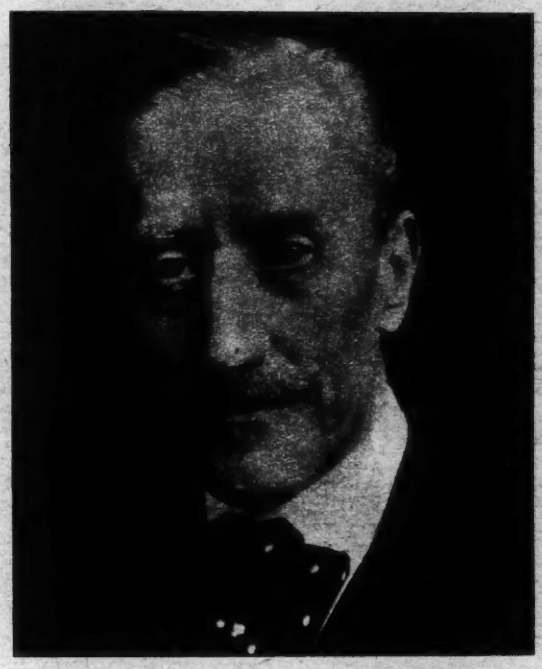
OTTAWA.

PROCONSULS of empire have maintained the royalist tradition in Canada for 300 years. In New France and in British North America, soldiers and civilians, some of them gentlemen, some of them rascals, have at various times represented sovereigns of Europe. When the structure of popular government was erected in Canada the glittering figurehead of royalty was firmly fixed at the pinnacle, with the result that the people of the Dominion have watched with interest, and sometimes with amusement, a series of Governors General from Great Britain move cautiously through the viceregal routine.

For five years Lord Byng of Vimy has been the vicar of King George V in Canada; but next Autumn he will return to England, and Canadians will have as Governor General for the ensuing five years Lord Willingdon of Ratton.

When the name Willingdon appeared in the headlines of Canadian newspapers recently, the question arose everywhere: "Who is he?" The name, well-known abroad, conveyed little to Canadians. For a few days biographical fragments trickled into the press, and the country was satisfied. Canadians learned that he was wealthy, close to the Crown, and had enjoyed a successful career as the representative of the King-Emperor in the East.

In other days the appointment of a Governor General for Canada was a delicate matter, in which the elements of race and religion were vital.



Lord Willingdon, the New Governor General of Canada.

Today it is easier. The modern basic requirements of the post are dignity, tact and the ability to entertain. To this, of course, must be added the advantage of wealth.

There was also a time when the British Government would offer three names from which the Canadian Government might select a Governor General for the five-year term. This custom, too, has been simplified through usage, and today the appointment is arranged by amiable negotiations between the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Prime Minister of Canada.

Why should the Governor General always be from Great Britain? Why not a Canadian for the position? The reply is that no one could represent King George better than could an Englishman. More than once it has been suggested that the Governor General should be elected. There are many Canadians who could discharge the executive functions, and little harm would result if some of the ceremonials were abandoned. But no popular election could possibly carry into office a man sufficiently aloof from political controversies and agitations to exercise the constitutional duties that at times confront the Governor General.

It is the complete aloofness of the Governor General from the fortunes of all political parties that gives value to his post. As for the ceremonial phase, it is a modest pageantry of scarlet and gold—a mere Imperial gesture—to which Canadians cling. The fact is that Canada's Governors General have served the cause of Empire well. By the very presence of the Imperial symbol, with its tradition of dignity and chivalry, Canadians are made ever conscious of their participation in the larger nationhood of the British Empire.

Lord Willingdon of Ratton, Sussex, Knight of the Grand Cross of the British Empire and Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, comes to Canada to reign, but not to rule. He has a political and administrative career behind him. Above everything else, Lord Willingdon is English. No one could be more English than is this man who, with the name of Freeman Freeman-Thomas, comes from Sussex. His is a family that has scattered its sons through the army, the Church and the bar since the early eighteenth century. Not the least of the family characteristics has been a penchant for marrying well.

When Lord Willingdon arrives at old Quebec in September, he will be 60 years of age. The sixty years are borne in the manner of one whose life has been evenly tempered with sports. He captained cricket teams at Eton and Cambridge and now carries his lean six feet as one who could still be formidable in that most English of sports.

Married Lord Brassey's Daughter

As aide de camp to Lord Brassey, in Victoria, Australia, young Freeman Freeman-Thomas first touched, in 1895, the fringes of the Governor General business. He also found a really brilliant partner for the rest of his career; for the Hon. Marie Adelaide, daughter of Lord Brassey, became the wife of the young aid, and thereby a remote link with Canada was forged—the only association with the Dominion the new Governor General had before the bestowal of his new office.

The founder of the Brassey fortunes, grandfather of Lady Willingdon, was an English railroad contractor who came to Canada in the late '50s and built the Grand Trunk Railway (now part of Canadian National Railways) between Toronto and Montreal. Discriminating readers of travel literature are familiar with that diverting volume, "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." The Sunbeam was Lord Brassey's yacht, and the charming young lady mentioned in those pages was the present Lady Willingdon.

Lord Willingdon belongs to the Whigs, which perhaps influenced his appointment at a time when there is a Liberal Government at Ottawa. It is doubtful whether he would fit into the British Liberal Party of today, for two reasons: First, because the old Whigs are now nearly all Tories; and, second, because the years of his non-partisan administrative work must effectually have removed the party stamp. Yet as a young man he was a Liberal member of the British House of Commons from Hastings, and sat in the wilderness of opposition to the Balfour Government of that far-off time.

But Willingdon was marked out for empire work, and in 1913 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, where he remained until 1919. Numerous reputations have been ruined in India in times of peace. Whatever administrative ability the new Governor of Bombay had was put to the test in the acute days of war. During his tenure of office more than 100,000 troops passed through the State to and from Europe.

So successful was his work in Bombay that he was made Governor of Madras. The appointment of a Governor to his second Indian State is so unusual as to be a singular tribute to his ability. Lord Willingdon left Madras in 1924 and has since served on several public commissions.

The only son of the family is the Hon. Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas, late of the Indian Army, now engaged in banking in London. In 1924 Lord Willingdon's heir was married to Maxine, daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the actor.

Rideau Hall is one of the curious associations of vice royalty in Canada. Of all the great country homes and official residences in the Dominion, it is perhaps the worst planned and least imposing. Yet there clings to it a distinctive atmosphere, for a succession of English gentlemen have made the place liveable and friendly. Only Englishmen could have made a home out of this strange house, the nucleus of which was built in 1837 by Thomas MacKay, a builder of Ottawa. It stands today in a park of eighty-eight acres.

The house appears almost grotesque, at first glance. It is said that every Governor General has done something to the place. One built a chapel, which his successor converted into a gymnasium. A recent imperial tenant of Rideau Hall is reported to have had the kitchens cleaned—for the first time! But that is only the gossip of Ottawa. Conservatories, vineries, laundries, ice houses and garages have been added from time to time, until Government House, with its gardens and lawns, and trees, is very comfortable.

To be popular in Canada, a Governor General must first of all be popular in Ottawa; consequently, there must be judiciously arranged entertainments. In these matters his Excellency is guided by a competent staff of secretaries and aides de camp. Members of Parliament must be dined at least once while the Commons and the Senate are sitting in Ottawa. Then there is the official list, comprising the senior members of the Civil Service (positions of considerable prestige in Ottawa), Judges on the bench and prominent soldiers. Finally there is the populace. Most of those who take the trouble to "sign the book" at Rideau Hall are invited to skating parties in Winter and garden parties in Summer.

Taxing the Vice-Regal Purse

This endless series of festivities makes heavy inroads on the viceregal purse. The maintenance allowance for Rideau Hall and the $50,000 salary of his Excellency (passed promptly by the Commons every year), do not cover the expense of the hospitality that has come to be expected. Some Governors General have been able to draw upon ample resources of their own, while others, it is said, have felt the pinch of circumstance.

There are disagreeable duties associated with the viceregal office. In Great Britain the King must sign the death warrants of all criminals, and in Canada his Excellency must, as head of the State, do likewise. The Canadian Department of Justice gathers the evidence in each capital case and, in effect, lays it at the foot of the throne, usually a few days before the execution. It is reviewed by his Excellency and signed. It is rumored that on rare occasions a case has been sent back from Rideau Hall to be reviewed by law officers of the Crown before the affixing of the final signature.

The most conspicuous of the Governor General's duties is the opening of Parliament. This is usually on a Canadian Winter day, and his Excellency can be seen sitting erect in greatcoat and plumed hat in an open sleigh, with an escort of lancers. Pennons snap in the sharp air and hoofs thud on the packed snow.

A regiment of greatcoated militia presents arms, and a band blares out "God Save the King." A moment's pause as his Excellency salutes. Then the guns boom. In the Senate chamber the ritual of other centuries is carried out with due reverence for history. Parliament is opened.

TO SOMBRE ALLEN STREET COMES THE SUNLIGHT

A Byway of Shadows for Generations, It Is Now Being Transformed Into a Broad and Pleasant Highway

By JAMES C. YOUNG

THE sun will soon shine in Allen Street. After filtering between crossties of the elevated road for years uncounted, its cheering light is to fall clear upon a broad and pleasant highway. Progress has invaded Allen Street to reclaim it. Men are waving their arms as they squint through odd-looking instruments mounted on tripods. Blueprints are in the making. Other men are drawing lines on the sidewalks with yellow chalk. There is much talk of feet and yards. Before long Allen Street will be transformed and respectability will succeed its mellow grime.

The elevated road roars overhead through the winding street. On either side are tenements of three, four or five stair-flights. The tracks press so closely upon them that passengers may view a panorama of east side life between two stations. At this season windows are opened wide. Fire-escapes provide balconies where neighbors gather on warm evenings for an hour of gossip and such few breaths of air as may stray into the sultry street.

Playgrounds in the Air

By day the fire-escapes become aerial playgrounds. Generations of children have played there. They also afford a convenient place to hang the family wash. An elevated railway passenger with a long arm might easily acquire a wardrobe in one trip from the clotheslines stretched along the way. Allen Street would seem to have the heaviest wash lines of any kindred street. Some of them are removed from sight, hidden in the courts at the rear of the tenements. But the sun has an even harder time penetrating those interior wells. The clothes lines along the elevated offer a display of apparel such as the east side alone presents. It is intimate and colorful, and a critical housewife would say the washing was rather well done.

Underneath the elevated road Allen Street is shadowy by day and mysterious by night. The "L" dominates everything. The street itself is little more than a lane fifty feet wide, and the railway runs above it as a roof. Its steel supports half fill the sidewalks. At intervals the cross-streets pour streams of traffic across the narrow thoroughfare. Some of it is diverted into the street and meets other traffic, and there is a chronic jam. Allen Street serves as a source of blockade rather than as an outlet north or south. But it is to be made a new and important artery.

New York has no more than a half dozen streets like this one, this vagrant among streets, wandering from the lower end of First Avenue to the neighborhood of the Five Points. Allen Street is crooked and grimy, broken and old. In the scant half mile between East Houston and Delancey Streets it is possible to pass in rapid review the New York slums of an older day.

This half mile will be transformed by demolishing all of the tenements on the eastern side and widening the street to 138 feet. Playgrounds will be opened in the shadow of the "L."

One of the Older Residents.

Across the way modern apartments will rise, and the western side must soon match the eastern. Those who would see Allen Street at its grimy worst must hasten before this reminder of the past vanishes among the shades of so many New York streets.

The once notorious slums of New York are little but memories. Only in places where "old-law" tenements endure may seekers of the curious obtain a glimpse of yesterday. New construction throughout the east side is typical of construction in other centres. Rents are not measurably lower. But in a few corners the "old-law" tenements resist modern invasions. Nowhere do they reflect the past in richer tone than along the winding lane of Allen Street.

Delancey Street Once Dingy

Broad Delancey Street divides Allen almost in two. Turning eastward from the Bowery and joining the crowds of this teeming thoroughfare, one needs but a short memory to call up the day when Delancey Street was a dingy and squalid spot. Where the central parkway now runs, a row of disreputable tenements once stood. In other days the neighborhood was writ large on police blotters. Even at this late time the Delancey Terrors are not forgotten. It was a wretched and malodorous district until the coming of the Williamsburg Bridge demanded a suitable outlet. The old tenements passed from view. Delancey Street of today is modern.

But Allen Street, a few blocks to the east, rambles on in native squalor. It is today as it was yesterday and for many yesterdays before. The visitor might pass it by, so narrow and gloomy is the entrance at Delancey. The newcomer will do well to observe nameplates upon their poles at the street corners. In Delancey Street the sun now shines brightly and every one moves swiftly. But turn into Allen Street, and haste ends with the turning. Allen Street meanders through the midst of great bustle, but takes little part. It is a street unto itself.

Allen Street Fire-Escapes Are Also Playgrounds.

Almost the first sight that greets the eye is a waving blanket. It hangs by a hook before a little store, and the woman inside comes to the door at intervals. She glances about to see if there are customers near at hand, then retreats. As one's eye travels on it glimpses many other blankets hanging before numerous stores, for this is the street of the quilters. It is the Old World and the New, one of those streets descended straight from ancient times, where the followers of a common trade gather by unspoken consent in a mart of their own. Rome had such streets, and Babylon before it.

There are other coverings besides blankets to shield man from chill; there are the gayest of quilts, some blue and some purple and some broadly striped. Before several doorways are mattresses with bright, fancy tickings, and there are pillows in every window. Feathers fly, and there is a smell of bedding—mingled with many other smells, it may be said. The stores are narrow apertures in the walls. Lights burn by day as well as night and often they are gas lights. One thinks of the feathers, the gas lights and the flimsy buildings roundabout and wonders how Allen Street has escaped catastrophe.

More often than not the stores are below the sidewalk. For some reason not evident Allen Street in an earlier period inclined to basement stores, reached by a few steps. Above, upon the main floor, another store may be found, perhaps the stronghold of a competitor. Wherever the eye looks it is met by flaunting blankets and inveigling quilts.

The Home of Brass Shops

But Allen Street has other concerns as well. There are its brass shops that make its name known to the polite world far away. Say "Allen Street" in Riverside Drive, in Mount Kisco or Glen Ridge, and your auditors will immediately think of candlesticks, serving trays, warming pans and fire screens. The brass shops were for years the last link between Allen Street and refined society.

There are bake shops in Allen Street, too. The biggest loaves of bread in the city may be found there, and the man with a sharp glance may see them emerging from the bakers' hands, if he will look down steep flights of steps into subterranean cellars. They have a fine brown crust.

Along the way window signs in three languages stir the fancy. Hebrew predominates, but Rumanian signs follow close and there are several in Russian. Allen Street has a decidedly Rumanian tinge, emphasized by Rumanian butchers and bakers. There are Rumanian quilts, too, and one wonders how to determine the difference between a Rumanian quilt and the commonplace kind. A difference there must be, because a sign on a window announces the exotic quilts with a blare as of horns.

Let us not forget the grocers. Just stop a moment before this window and go on a little jaunt across the world. There, in original tins with quaint lettering and the likeness of a man in a soldier's coat, is olive oil from the far reaches of the Mediterranean. There are big olives in fat bottles and long sausages that challenge the appetite. Strange bottled fruits greet the eye.

At the corner of Stanton Street is

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Under the Thundering Elevated Railroad.

INDIA TRIES GOVERNMENT BY PARLIAMENT

Its First Speaker, Sir Frederick Whyte, Believes That the Revised Constitution Will Follow American Precedent

By P. W. WILSON

IN days when Italy, Spain, Poland and other European countries despair of their Parliaments and set up dictators, it seems astonishing that in India, where dictatorship has been the rule for thousands of years, a federal system of Parliaments resembling the Constitution of the United States should have been established and should have proved, on the whole, a success.

Hence the interest aroused in the universities of the Eastern seaboard by the visit of Sir Frederick Whyte, first Speaker of the Parliament at Delhi, who was responsible for launching the most audacious experiment in organized democracy ever applied to an Asiatic empire. It is the opinion of Sir Frederick that the Constitution of India, to be revised in 1929, may be approximated even more closely to the American precedent. For the problem in India, so he believes, is essentially the problem that faced Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues, that is, the problem of adjusting a Federal authority to the authority of constituent States, which may be subordinate, but are no less jealous of their sovereignty.

It was, indeed, Lord Reading, a former Ambassador at Washington, who, as Viceroy, urged Sir Frederick to confer here without restraint on this historic evolution of political liberty.

If ever there has been a romance in the realm of mere politics it is to be found in the inauguration of the Parliament in Delhi. Here was a man in his thirties, a backbencher of the House of Commons, who had never held office in Britain or anywhere else, and had never lived in India. A son of Principal Alexander Whyte of New College, Edinburgh, he married a daughter of the manse and suddenly found himself in the ancient capital of the Mogul emperors, where he was told to start a Parliament, empowered to legislate for 230,000,000 people.

For the first time in his life this canny Scot had to consider his costume. In setting forth he had a talk with Speaker Lowther of the House of Commons at Westminster, who at once put the question: "What clothes will you wear?" Was the Speaker in India to appear as an Indian, in a turban and the colors of the East? Or how was it to be?

"Believe me," said Lowther, shrewdly, "a Speaker's wig often carries more weight than the knowledge of the rules inside it."

His Wig and Green Book

Hence it was determined that Speaker Whyte's armor should be not of the East but of the West; that he should stand forth in the vestments of courtesy and fair play, symbolized for centuries in "the authority of the Chair." In his hand he carried nothing save one little green book; the standing orders of the House of Commons at Westminster, with notes by a former Clerk of the House, Sir Courtenay Ilbert. Other than his own good humor the wig and the book were Sir Frederick's sole equipment.

In Delhi the first problem to be solved was language. India has scores of languages and Speaker Whyte knew none of them. Nor, if he had been able to speak fifty, would the ability have been the slightest use to him. For the question was not alone how he was to understand the debates. Even more important was the question how the debaters were to understand one another. The only language they all could utter and understand was English. It is in English that Gandhi himself addresses India. And on only two occasions was Speaker Whyte ever asked by a member for permission to use any other tongue.

So with the rules. What the Parliament of India demanded was not a new set of Standing Orders but the Standing Orders adopted by the House of Commons in London. When the Chair gave a decision the usual inquiry was whether that ruling would hold good at Westminster. Indeed, the Provincial Legislatures sent their leading members to Delhi, there to confer with Sir Frederick on the application of the Standing Orders to their case also. Not only in Delhi, then, but throughout India, we see today an adaptation of those rules of debate and procedure which, in the main, are common to the House of Commons in London and to Congress in Washington.

To give a simple illustration, the House of Commons in England meets in the afternoon and has a dinner hour, while the House of Commons in Delhi meets in the morning and adjourns for lunch. But the motions for adjournment are otherwise the same. And as every Congressman knows on a motion to adjourn there may be raised a discussion of the most vital significance. It is thus literally a fact that a member of Parliament in Delhi could go to Washington and, if admitted to Congress, could make himself understood, being familiar with the forms of the House, its language and the general etiquette to be observed. There have been Parliaments in Egypt, in Persia and in Turkey. But it is only of the Parliament of India that this can be said.

One delicate question was whether the new Parliament should be opened with prayer. In Congress prayer is extempore. But to invite Moslem mullahs and Hindu priests thus publicly to relieve their souls—and, possibly, their mutual animosities—might have aroused debate rather than devotion. Hence the prayer, if permitted at all, would have had to be a set prayer, the same for every day. And there were offers to draft a prayer that would unite the beliefs of Parsees, Brahmans, Mohammedans, Christians and the general body of Hindus. But it was decided that discretion was the better part of worship. Prayers were omitted.

What religion means in India is, indeed, hardly conceivable to the Western mind.

"A Hindu, not of the highest caste," Sir Frederick recalls, "married a Christian wife. He desired still to rank as a Hindu and promoted a bill to that effect. It aroused some of the warmest and most interesting debates, and years elapsed before it was passed."

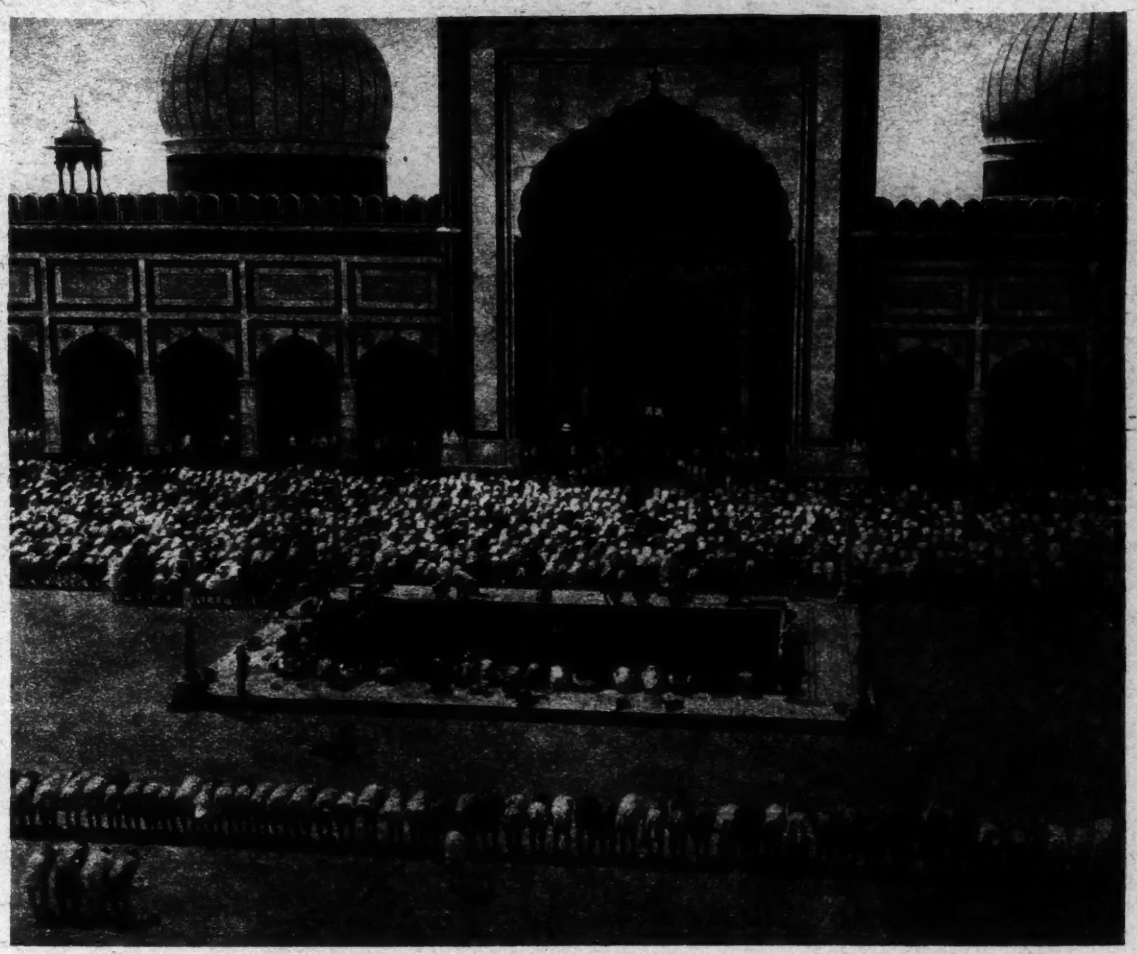
The intensity of mysticism somewhat complicates social relations. As Speaker it was Sir Frederick's duty to entertain members of the Parliament and of India's other Legislatures. To his invitations for dinner, the replies were invariably courteous. But in the acceptances there was a picturesque variety. One statesman could not see his way to eat with the Speaker but he could join the company when dinner was concluded. Another desired to accept but requested that he might cook his own food. And a third, in accepting, politely stipulated that he should be served with vegetables only.

"When it is complained that distinguished Indians are not admitted to Western clubs their susceptibilities must be borne in mind," Sir Frederick points out.

"It is true that they do not affect Hindus who have traveled in Western lands. But after all, it is the Indian who is 100 per cent. of India who must be regarded as the typical case."

In the real India Sir Frederick discovered that mysticism is a compelling atmosphere. He was acquainted with the agricultural work of that distinguished American missionary Dr. Samuel Higginbottom, one of the very few foreigners to be decorated by the Government of India and the first person to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Philanthropy from Princeton University. He agrees with Dr. Higginbottom that the Hindu belief in the transmigration of souls costs her an immense sum every year in the maintenance of animals of no economic value and in restrictions on scientific cultivation by means of fertilisers.

Legislators, conversing with Speaker Whyte, confessed that their political careers were subject to the possibility at any moment of a higher call to adopt a life of meditative renunciation. In such minds statesmanship was thus secondary to spirituality. And this, perhaps, is a reason why India has used the British Raj as a guarantee that her secular affairs shall be carried on. The British official is not subject to the same spiritual call. He stays at his post.



Delhi, Where the Indian Parliament Meets, Has Many Colorful Religious Ceremonies Within and Outside the Great Mosque.

Photo by Ewing Galloway.

The British official was, however, among the perplexities. Here was a bureaucrat who had been trained, not to talk, not to argue, but to administer. Suddenly he is told that he is to sit in a Parliament, to be questioned for an hour daily, to listen to speeches and, worse still, to make speeches himself. And to complete the catastrophe a Government in Downing Street, where the Prime Minister was "that fellow Lloyd George," had sent out "a politician" called Whyte to act as Speaker! There never was heard such strongly emphasized rot!

The prejudice of the bureaucrat had thus to be included among all the other prejudices in India. But one of the revelations at Delhi has been the exposure of a parliamentary instinct, not only in the Indian members but also in the British. To an awkward question across the floor of the House these officials were as sensitive as a Cabinet member at Westminster and as cautious in their answers. Indeed, Sir Frederick Whyte considers that the Government of India must be profoundly affected, as years pass, by the fact that the officials have to face this daily "third degree." There are times, doubtless, when the officials themselves would much prefer the practice at Washington, where Ministers in the Presidential Cabinet have no seats in Congress.

Debates Are Reported

Taken as a whole, the Indian debates have been admirable. They may be read in a "Hansard Report" which is identical in form with "Hansard" in London and corresponds to the Congressional Record at Washington. One curious circumstance is that the Government is always in a minority. The position thus resembles what is found at Washington when a Republican President carries on the executive department with a Democratic Congress, or vice versa.

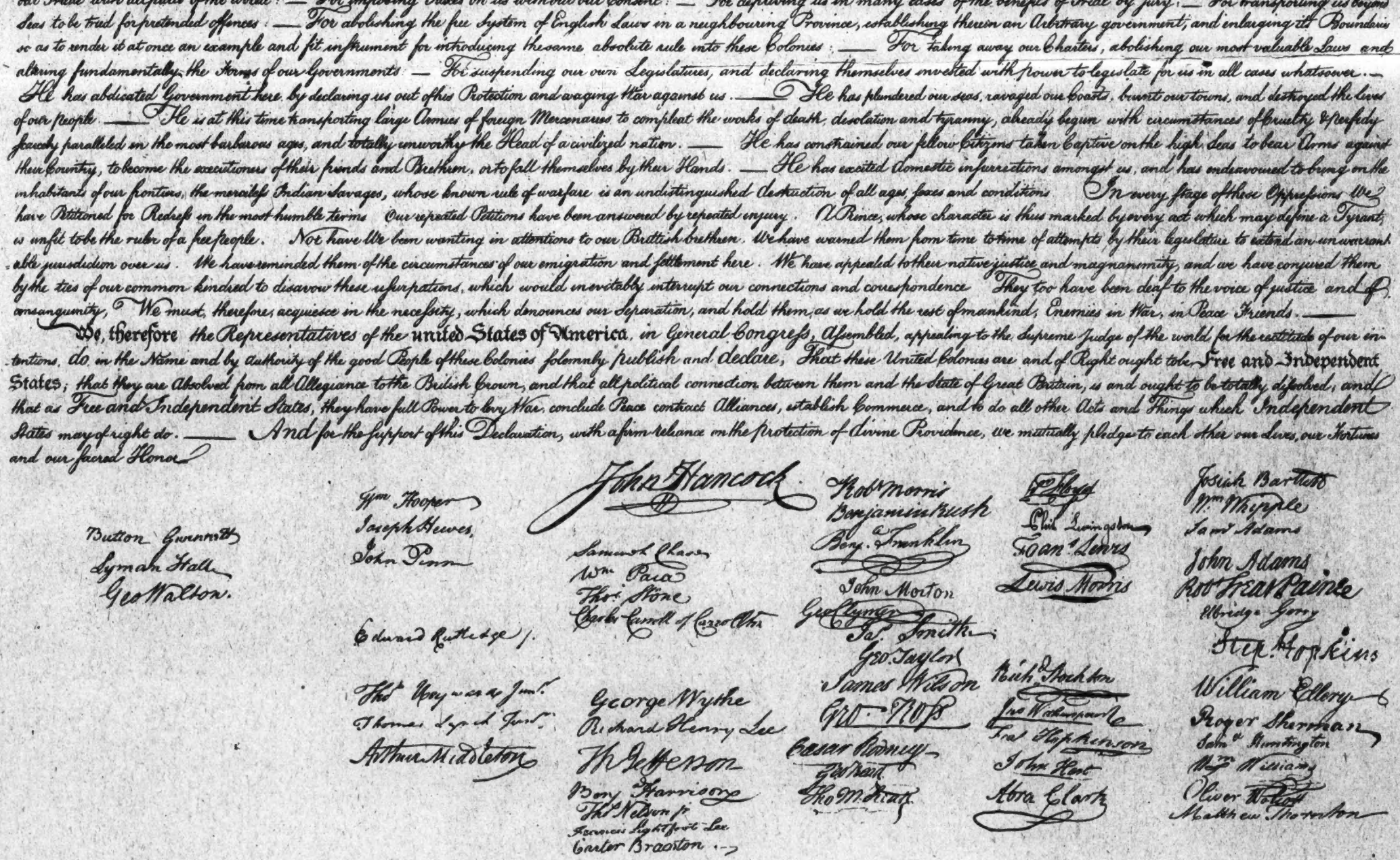
But in India there is a result unknown in the United States or Great

(Continued on Page 29)

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. ——— We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. — Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world. ——— He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. ——— He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. ——— He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. ——— He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. ——— He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. ——— He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. ——— He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. ——— He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers. ——— He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. ——— He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People and eat out their substance. — He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies, without the Consent of our legislatures. ——— He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power. ——— He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation: — For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: — For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: — For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: — For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent: — For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: — For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences: — For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: — For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: — For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. —



OFFICIAL FACSIMILE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AUTHORIZED IN 1823.

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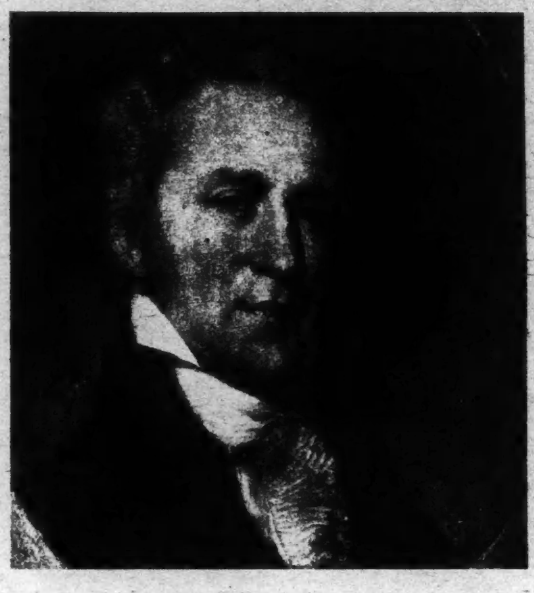
OREGON IS BUILDING A SHAFT TO HONOR HER PIONEERS

Astoria, the Old Fur Post, Pays Tribute to Captain Gray, Lewis and Clark, and John Jacob Astor, the Trader



William Clark.
From a Portrait by Peale, Owned by the United States Government.

By STEUART M. EMERY

ON a bright morning in May, 1792, the billowing white sails of a blunt-nosed ship slowly approached the coast of what is now the State of Oregon. On the deck of this vessel, the Columbia, stood Captain Robert Gray, whose eyes were turned shoreward toward the mouth of a mysterious river which he was determined to penetrate. This intrepid fur trader out of Boston had long heard of a river that flowed into the sea out of the heart of the unknown Northwest, and he was certain that he had passed it on a former voyage.

With her canvas filled by a favorable breeze, the Columbia shouldered her way landward until she stood off a line of foam-crested breakers, dangerous to attempt except under the most auspicious circumstances. Roaring and crashing, the waters swept over the bar guarding the mouth of the river.

The sounding leads went out and, with men calling off the changing fathoms, the ship picked her way through a safe channel and came to anchor within a smooth harbor. The outlet of the River of the West had been discovered; Gray named it for his sturdy Yankee sailing ship and a new chapter of pioneer romance had been opened.

Romance of the Trader

It must have been a scene vivid with color when the canoes of the Indians put out from the forested banks of the river and climbed on board, eager to trade and to explore further this tremendous floating wigwam with wings which had burst upon their gaze from the sea.

One more—the latest—passage in the romance is to be written this month, with the dedication of the Astoria Column at Astoria, Ore., to the memory of Captain Robert Gray, Lewis and Clark and John Jacob Astor. The memorial is made possible largely through the generosity of Vincent Astor of New York, whose famous ancestor threw open a tremendous field of trade when he established the first American trading post on the shores of the far Pacific. Although for almost a quarter of a century the ships of all nations had been stopping at the Columbia River to trade with the natives, it was not until the vision of John Jacob Astor was turned to the West that a settlement was established on the site of the city now flourishing there.

The story of Astoria is that of nearly every other pioneer settlement of the new America. It was founded on toil and valor. It saw tragedy and disaster before it won to full strength. In a counting-house in New York City John Jacob Astor had conceived a system of trade that girdled the globe, the first American project of round-the-world commerce. The furs he obtained from trappers and Indians were sent in his ships to England. In England cargoes of British wares were taken on board and were transported to China for sale in that land. China teas, spices and merchandise were brought back to America in the tedious voyage around the tip of South America.

Lewis's First Glimpse of the Rockies.
Courtesy of Scribner's Magazine. © *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Aster ships circumnavigated the known world while their owner, filled with the pioneer spirit, was traveling through the forests of Lower Canada, New York and Michigan, guided by coureurs-des-bois, in his search for the precious peltries his vessels carried as their outgoing cargoes. With New York as his headquarters the original Astor was extending his operations from the Hudson River to Lake Superior.

But there were other strong organizations in the field, such as the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Companies, and slowly but surely the animal haunts of Canada and eastern America were being stripped of furs. Captain Gray had found the mouth of the Columbia River and Lewis and Clark in 1804 had proved that the awesome divide of the Rocky Mountains could be crossed. This was all that John Jacob Astor needed in order to conceive a new plan of trade, based on his pioneer spirit and the lure of hitherto unopened country.

He intended to shift the business of fur-hunting from Canada and Michigan to the territory embracing what is now the State of Washington, Oregon, Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. In China the furs from the American and Canadian woods were in demand, so that a new station on the Pacific would enable a company to operate in closer touch with the Oriental markets.

Loaded with all the equipment necessary to set up a trading post and manned by a company of bold spirits, the ill-fated Tonquin sailed out of New York Harbor in 1810 and plowed southward on the long voyage around Cape Horn. Some indication of the trouble that lay in store was given from the very beginning in the frequent altercations between Captain Thorn, the agents and the supercargoes on board. The discipline of the Tonquin, in fact, appears to have been at a low ebb by the time the vessel arrived off the mouth of the Columbia, after a voyage of 20,000 miles in 190 days.

Once again the treacherous breakers of the sand bar had to be dared, and this time there was heavy loss of life. Boats were sent ahead to take soundings in the furious waters, and two of them were overturned, sending eight men to the bottom. At last the bar was crossed and the Tonquin came to anchor.

A site for the fortified post was chosen on a tongue of land, and the company went at once to work to erect the buildings. The first few days on land would seem to have been pleasant. Comcomly, the one-eyed chief of the Chinook tribe, invited the Tonquin's men to a great native feast of fish and game. One of the Astor party, McDougall, became so taken with Comcomly's daughter that he married her.

The Crew Massacred

While part of the ship's company remained at the newly named Astoria to build the port Captain Thorn with twenty-three men sailed the Tonquin up to Vancouver Island to open up trade with the Indians. Hardly had the vessel come to her moorings in Nootka Sound before the savages swarmed out from the shore in canoes loaded down with furs.

John Jacob Astor had given Captain Thorn explicit instructions to permit only a few savages on board the vessel at a time, his dealings with the aborigines having taught him to regard them with caution. Friction developed almost at once when one of the chiefs endeavored to get the best of a bargain and Captain Thorn knocked him down and threw his bundles of furs overboard.

Next day the Indian canoes assembled in huge numbers and advanced upon the ship from the shore. For a time there was bargaining and conversation all along the decks, which were covered with Indians. Then a war whoop rang out, and from their bundles the savages plucked knives and tomahawks and fell upon the white men.

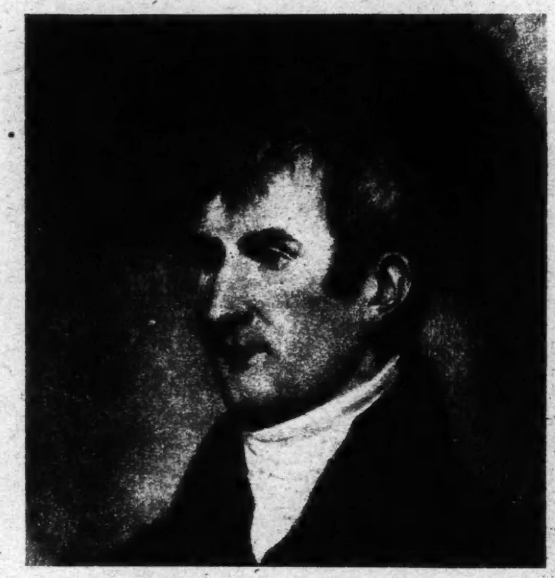
Against such numbers there was no hope of defense. The Tonquin's small company went down before the onslaught of the savages until there were left only a supercargo and four sailors, who had barricaded themselves in the cabin.

Through the cabin windows the officer and his men thrust out muskets and raked the decks with ball. The savages fell in heaps and in a short time the survivors howled out a last defiance and slipped over the bulwarks into their canoes. On the following morning the Tonquin still lay in the harbor with her sails flapping and not a soul visible from bow to stern. Slowly the savages gathered again and, undisturbed, paddled up to the sides of the ship and crowded once more over the rails.

Fully 200 warriors in war paint were creeping about the decks when the supercargo dragged himself from the cabin to the powder magazine with a lighted match in his hand. There came a burst of flames, the roar of a terrific explosion, and the waters of Nootka Sound were littered with the timbers of the destroyed ship and the bodies of Indians. The massacre of the Tonquin's crew had been avenged in grim fashion.

Only one of the company had escaped—the ship's native interpreter, who was on shore at the time of the tragedy. Months later, after a hazardous pilgrimage through the wilderness, this native arrived at the Astoria post with news of the disaster. It threw consternation into the small garrison. They were almost alone in the vast Western wilderness and surrounded by a host of savages, though a small reinforcement did arrive in the shape of an overland expedition from St. Louis, headed by Wilson Price Hunt, which had taken almost a year to make the journey across the plains and the mountain ranges. The twilight of the Astoria post was at hand.

The end came when war was declared between Great Britain and America in 1812. Again and again John Jacob Astor begged the American Government to issue to him letters of marque for the equipment of a vessel to defend the Columbia River settlement, but his applications were met with refusal. As a result, on Nov. 30, 1812, the British sloop Raccoon drew up before the post and demanded its surrender. McDougall, the son-in-law of Chief Comcomly, hauled down the flag and turned the fort over to the British, to the deep disgust of his savage relative.



Meriwether Lewis.
From a Portrait by Peale, Owned by the United States Government.

Heavy Losses for Astor

It is estimated that John Jacob Astor lost not less than $4,000,000 in his attempt to link Pacific Coast trade with New York City, and the loss for some time crippled his operations. He had, however, given his name for all time to the first American settlement on the Pacific.

The names of Lewis and Clark, who share with Captain Gray and John Jacob Astor the honors of the new monument, are identified with one of the greatest journeys in history, the expedition across the vast domain of Spanish Louisiana to the sea on the west. For more than two years, from 1804 to 1806, they traversed the wilderness, ascending strange rivers and fighting their way over precipitous mountain chains.

The Astoria Column which is to be dedicated this month is a reminder of the indomitable spirit of the men who dared all perils and hardships as the forerunners of the transportation and commerce of today. Gray, Lewis and Clark and John Jacob Astor are not forgotten on the coast which they explored and opened up to the America that was to come after them.

NEW YORK STILL HAS ITS DUTCH HABITS

In Food, Sports and Customs We Pay Tribute to the Burghers

Like This Was the First Public School in Manhattan.

By EUNICE FULLER BARNARD

NEW YORK is doing little this year to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of its settlement by the Dutch. To us moderns those humble beginnings seem a dim mirage—interesting perhaps to the sentimentalist and to the antiquarian, but of no practical consequence in our lives today. Yet without those Dutch ancestors, huddled in their bark huts amid the greenery of Manhattan Island in 1626, we should lack some of our most characteristic habits.

America, for one thing, would have no Santa Claus. It would have no front porches, no crullers, no waffles, no buckwheat cakes. Skating and coasting might not be our habitual Winter sports. Public schools might have developed differently. New York City would certainly be a glummer, more narrow-minded place.

The Doughnut's Dutch Ancestor

Take the Dutch effect on the national bill of fare. Were Father Knickerbocker celebrating properly, he would have a birthday cake in the shape of a gigantic doughnut honoring his immortal contribution to the American quick lunch counter. The American doughnut is but a degenerate Dutch olykoek with a yawning hole where once a nut or a raisin was embedded in a luscious centre. Its variant, the cruller, was one of the first Dutch inventions in New Amsterdam, achieved by an early city father and church elder, Sebastian Krol, for whom the product was named.

The quick lunch counter itself—doughnuts, coffee and all—was likewise the creation of Dutch genius working on Manhattan soil. The first establishment of this sort was set up in the market between Broadway and Maiden Lane in 1796 by Mrs. Joralemon, "a genuine vrouw," who commuted from Bergen, thus setting a precedent for feminine enterprise in the financial district. She sold coffee for threepence a cup and doughnuts for a penny apiece. "She was a large woman," says a contemporary narrator, "and reported to weigh 225 pounds. As she moved into the market, with her broad Dutch face, the butcher boys sung out: 'There goes the large doughnut!'"

Waffles and waffle-irons we owe entirely to the early Dutch settlers. And so exact a historian as Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer says that the buckwheat cake, as flip-flopped today in a thousand restaurant windows, was invented by the folk of New Netherland. Both the cooky and its name were brought from Holland.

In Colonial days the teeth of English visitors to New York often gritted unpleasantly against the unfamiliar coleslaw, salad and sauerkraut. "Everybody, great and small, sups on salad with oil and vinegar," some one impatiently wrote in 1756. But coleslaw passed down to posterity as one of the dishes in the American gustatory hall of fame.

The Dutch also naturalized our familiar Winter sports. While New Englanders were plodding through snowdrifts and slipping on ice-bound streams, the New Netherlanders were skimming them with sleighs, sleds and skates. It was well into the eighteenth century before New Englanders commonly began to follow suit, though they had long gaped at the festive ice scenes in New Amsterdam. "Upon the Ice," wrote an English clergyman who visited Manhattan in 1678, "it is admirable to see Men and Women, as it were, flying upon their Skates from place to place with Markets [market baskets] upon their Heads and Backs."

The old Collect Pond, near our Centre Street, was the scene of the first ice carnivals and hockey games in the New World. Toward Broadway the shore rose gradually to the height of a hundred feet, forming a natural grandstand. Winter after Winter, for more than a century, it was thronged with an admiring gallery, while the ice below resounded with the shouts of hockey players or flashed with the shining skates of racers. Booths erected on the ice dispensed hot pre-Volstead concoctions, while for the non-skaters there were chairs on runners, some of them gayly carved and painted to represent swans or boats.

When the People of New Amsterdam Skated on Collect Pond.

A Prince on the Pond

During the British occupation of New York in the Revolution even a future English King (Prince William Henry) used to succumb to the lure of the unaccustomed Dutch sport, allowing himself to be pushed around the pond in an ice-chair, while his officers, crowding about him, cheered.

Throughout New Netherland and Colonial New York, up and down the frozen Hudson, Dutch-descended children took to the ice eagerly. If the long, curved skates from Holland were not to be had, then ox-bones, filed and tied on, did almost as well. As for coasting, of that sport the Dutchlings were so fond that twice the city fathers at Albany had to pass ordinances against sliding down the steep streets on "sleds, small boards or otherwise:" Once they even provided that the sleds of the culprits should be broken up by the constable. But it was no use. The coasting propensity was in young America's blood for good.

Adult New Yorkers were equally keen on sleighing. A Boston woman who came here in 1704 write: "Their Diversions in the Winter is Riding Sleys about three or four miles out of Town, where they have Houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery." Even then the New York traffic congestion caused shudders. "I believe," said this Bostonian, "we met fifty or sixty sleys that day—they fly with great swiftness, and some are so furious that they'll turn out of the path for none except a Loaden Cart."

Other games besides ice hockey the Dutch brought to America. Dice, cards, bowls, shovelboard and tennis are said to have been introduced by Dutch settlers—and even golf, which was "a Dutch game described as played with a small ball, a crooked club and a series of small holes in the turf."

Some of our dearest American folk customs we owe, too, to these few Dutchmen. Easter eggs and maypoles they brought here and the custom of New Year's calls, after which George Washington patterned our President's New Year's reception, still the chief public social event at the White House.

As for Santa Claus, patron saint of American childhood, he is wholly Dutch. To him, indeed, the first settlers of New Amsterdam dedicated their infant Colony, setting aside his day, Dec. 6, as one of its five chief holidays. When the English captured the Colony they abolished the public observance of Santa Claus Day. But they could not so easily discourage the saint and his worshipers. Dutch-descended children still hopefully set out their sabots on Santa Claus eve to be filled. For a century and a half the good saint did not disappoint them. Then suddenly he changed the date of his arrival to another peculiarly Dutch holiday, New Year's Eve, and finally settled on his present custom of observing Christmas Eve.

No less did the Dutch settlers affect the outward aspect of the American scene. Their farmhouses with curving rooflines nestling into the gentle topography of Manhattan and Long Island created a distinctive type of American architecture, much copied today. Moreover, Dutch colonists are responsible for that ubiquitous American institution, the front porch. The projecting eaves of the Dutch farmhouse, gradually widened during Colonial days, offered a pleasant shade in which to sit, and when finally it became necessary to support them with a row of columns at the outer edge the front porch was born.

The gambrel roof, too, immediately adopted by New Englanders, was another architectural feature, apparently first developed by the Dutch on American soil. As for the familiar high "stoops" of New York City houses, those are said to be a left-over from the Dutch town custom of having the best rooms and the entrance on the second floor so that they might remain high and dry were the ground floor inundated.

That Early Dutch School

Even the little red schoolhouse, our vaunted American institution, is presumably Dutch in origin. At any rate, the first public elementary school in the United States was the one set up for the flaxen-haired Jans and Annekjes of Manhattan in 1633—fourteen years before Massachusetts made any public provision for teaching small boys and a century and a half before it admitted girls to public schools of any kind.

To be sure, this first public school was more or less under the guidance of the Church and the children were expected to pay the master a slight fee. But his regular salary he received from the secular authorities and the city provided his schoolhouse and framed the regulations under which he taught. Moreover, the instructions provided that "the poor and needy, who ask to be taught for God's sake, he shall teach for nothing."

Public schools similar to this followed in quick succession in all the villages up the Hudson. For more than a century they continued in the old Dutch way. School was school indeed, keeping six days a week all the year around, with only five holidays.

By 8 o'clock in the morning from the time they were 7 years old, Jan and Annekje sat on the backless

(Continued on Page 28)

NEW ENGLAND'S VIRGIN FOREST IN DANGER

Lumbermen Threaten The Last Primeval Trees Growing on Mt. Pisgah

A Fallen Monarch of the Primeval Forest, Mount Pisgah, New Hampshire.

By MARY LEE

THE last remaining stretch of primeval forest that covered the New England hills before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth seems doomed to fall under the lumberman's axe next Winter. Unless some one steps forward to save them the huge survivors of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that once sheltered the wigwams of Indians are to be drawn down on next Winter's snows to the mills along the Ashuelot River in lower New Hampshire, to be sawed up into window sash.

This stretch of the virgin forest lies high up along the ridge of Mount Pisgah in the town of Winchester, N. H. It embraces thirty-three acres covered with huge trees that remind one of the forests of Oregon and California. For more than a hundred years this timber has been owned by a family of hard-working, practical New Englanders. Lately timber land has been heavily taxed by the State of New Hampshire. In view of the high price for timber, and of the heavy taxation, the owners have announced that, unless some one should buy the timber standing, the last of the virgin forest must go.

Difficult to Find

It is an elusive, mysterious, unheralded thing, this last bit of the virgin forest of New England. Few of the thousands of people from all parts of the United States who go to New England for their Summer holidays, know of the forest on the rugged slopes of Mount Pisgah. Few of the New Englanders in the towns around the little village of Ashuelot have ever been there, neither can they tell you how to find the great trees. The lofty pines and hemlocks toss their proud heads, majestic, unvisited, almost as they stood when an occasional Indian hunter made his silent way among their pathless spaces.

You hear of the virgin forest casually from members of the older New Hampshire families. "There's a patch of real, first growth timber somewhere over in the west of the State," they will tell you. But they have never seen it. It is always their cousin, or their uncle, who is dead, or a professor who stayed once at the inn down the road. They hear the forest is very far from the road. They hear you have to climb through rough country to get to it. In fact, they don't really believe that such a thing exists. Timber is taxed too high nowadays. Yet you keep hearing the rumor.

To see the forest primeval, to walk among its tall, Gothic spaces, its paths untrammeled by underbrush—to see by looking at it how the country looked before our ancestors began their arduous task of cutting and burning and getting rid of the great trees—is an enticing vision. It induced a few congenial spirits to climb over the doors of an ancient Ford a few days ago and set forth toward the hills to the west of Monadnock in search of the forest.

At the tavern where we put up they discouraged us, with true New England pessimism. They'd heard tell of some first-growth timber over Winchester way somewhere. But the only reason it was left was because it was in so inaccessible a spot that the lumbermen could not get it out. We'd never be able to get to it if it was there. And nobody over that way would be able to tell us. A wild goose chase, that forest. Better take a walk over toward the Appalachian Club's rhododendron swamp and get back in time for dinner.

"Over Winchester way" they were not much more encouraging. First growth timber? There might be some, over to Ashuelot, but if there was it was high up on the mountain. We would not be able to get to it. And if we got in there, "we'd be liable to git lost and not git out agin." But if we really wanted to hunt for the timber, there was a man named Dickinson up on the road to Chesterfield—he might tell us something.

The road to Chesterfield took us up 800-odd feet to a ridge where we could look across gray stone walls, under huge sugar maples, out across valleys of apple trees and red maples toward Monadnock and the Peterborough hills. High up on the ridge there was a white farmhouse, solid, small windowed, with a great barn sitting in the view. In the kitchen was found John Dickinson, who stood six feet in his stockings and was broad of chest and husky of limb. He and his two brothers own that first-growth timber over on the mountain.

"It lays over in there." He waved his great arm toward Mount Pisgah, "but it's too far for you folks to walk to." We urged our request. The best way, he told us, was to make our way down to the town of Ashuelot, and from there up again to the lumber camp in the woods, and ask for a French Canadian woodchopper called Joe Roberts. Joe would take us up to the big trees. "Not safe to go in there alone," he added, "liable to get twisted and not find your way out again."

Joe Roberts was sitting in a board shack at the lumber camp. Joe, they said at Ashuelot, could chop out more railroad ties in a day than any other woodsman in the State. Joe was born outside Quebec seventy-four years ago and since that time he had mined it in Montana and ranched it in Texas, and acted as chief forester on the estate of former Governor Robert P. Bass.

Joe announced that if the city folk wanted to climb up to the ridge at that time in the afternoon, why, he was ready to climb. Up the lumber road he led us, through a forest of birch and maple and beech, some seventy-five years old. Black mud oozed through the corduroy trail under foot. Ferns uncurled by the trail-side, and violets, blue, yellow and white, grew in deep patches. Clintonia dangled pale bells above shiny leaves and the afternoon sun played yellow through new beech leaves. After a mile of steady upgrade we stopped beside the rotting buildings of a former lumber camp. Joe Roberts broke twigs to mark his trail and plunged into the underbrush. "Here we go up," he said.

The Glades of the Primeval Forest.

Photos Courtesy of Professor R. T. Fisher, Director of the Harvard Forest.

Up we went. Up through the underbrush that had grown where timber had been cut off recently, old Joe breaking the twigs as he scrambled through them. "Pretty soon we find 'em," he said. We came to a sort of shelf on the side of the mountain that lay, hollow shaped, between the top of the ridge and the steep slope. And there stood trees such as one does not expect to see this side of the Rockies. Pine trees with stems twelve feet round at the butt, rising 100 feet clear without branches, their tops so far away that there was a strange, distant sound to the wind that blew through them. Trees so huge that the ridges in the bark were as deep as the fingers of your hand. A forest without underbrush, save for the long, graceful branches of moosewood that grew now and then between the great trunks.

Man might never have walked under these trees, except—and here lies the tragedy—for a small tag tacked to the butt of each tree. The trees had all been measured and the amount of timber in each has been calculated.

"Next Winter we cut 'em," said old Joe, his dark eyes twinkling. He patted a great trunk. "My, I like to get my axe in him fine! Couple men would put down six of 'em in one day. If I owned this woodlot I wouldn't work no more all my life, and I'd buy me a nice li'l car, too."

Men Who Know the Forest

The Dickinson brothers, who own the Virgin Forest, have got much the same idea. "We were cutting right in sight of those big trees last Winter," said La Fell Dickinson, "and next Winter we'll get to them. That timber's been held by my family for more than a hundred years, and we can't afford to hold it any longer."

One of the few men who know the forest is Professor Richard T. Fisher, Director of the Harvard Forest in Petersham, Mass. He has visited the trees several times. Part of the thirty-three acres, he said, is covered with pine and hemlock and part by hardwood, oak, maple and beech. The largest tree is 145 feet high and 4 feet through at breast height. There are about 100 to 125 trees per acre, some 3,300 trees in all.

Professor Fisher has an option on the forest and with Dr. John C. Phillips of Wenham is now trying to raise enough money to buy and preserve it. Dr. Fisher hopes that the general interest in things "Early American" may, perhaps, arouse the public to its impending loss. He hopes that before the lumbering operations begin in the Autumn either public subscriptions or some public-spirited private donor may

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MADISON SQUARE BLOSSOMS AS A SMOCK GARDEN

All Colors Are There When the Office Girls, Shingled and Carmine-Lipped, Parade for Luncheon

By H. I. BROCK

IN the beginning of this Summer, which has been born without the customary formality of a Spring, and thus has been Spring and Summer in one, the most picturesque and surprising spot in New York City is Madison Square and the streets to the eastward of that oasis. True, Diana of the bow has come down from her tower; the tower itself has vanished, and the Madison Square Garden of memory is nothing but a big hole in the ground. But take it at the noon hour, when the sun shines on the greeness of the park, the gay tulip beds and the crowded benches that line the walkways.

Time was when those benches harbored chiefly a dolorous encampment of tramps and dingy homeless creatures a-baskin' in the free warm air—like "the enterprisin' burglar not engaged in his employment." The tramps are still there—a few of them. But the color of the place is the color of a garden in a quarter of artists' studios. It is the color of the smocks of the young women who walk or sit there, bareheaded, bobbed, and carmine-lipped, for the wonder and admiration of the ordinary run of townsfolk, hurrying about their business in their usual clothes.

More or Less Harmonious

Smocks of rose color, of all the blues there are, of orange, of greens inclined to be tender, of mauve, of yellow, of purple, even of a not-too-red red distribute themselves in patterns here and there, each smock selected with an eye not neglectful of its value in setting off the quality of the mop or crop of hair that goes with it. In this matter the redheads take special pains.

Wearers of smocks stroll about by twos and threes and fours, the groups more or less harmoniously composed as to colors. They sit on the benches in chattering bevies. Or, singly, one who is smocked with particular care devotes herself to a book with a romantical cover. With her silken legs as discreetly disposed as the fashion compels, she reads, and seems sublimely unconscious of the bleary-eyed wreck or the slumbering ruin of a man who occupies the adjacent two feet of municipal sitting room.

Raucous small-boy bootblacks ply their trade as always, and with more profit than usual. The benches are points of vantage. Young men also sit there at the noon hour—young men to whom dress is a matter of some concern and a shoeshine a plausible pretext for lingering in such mixed company. Workmen with short pipes take their place in the line.

Women not in smocks but in smart hats and modish frocks and coats rest democratically in the sun. They sit in groups or proletariarly sandwiched. A stocking the color of ripe cornsilk is crossed over its mate and thrust out jauntily next to a stained brown overall. A slender snakeskin slipper is planted side by side with a lime-splashed brogan.

Over there toward the tulip beds, a trio of smocks enters into picturesque composition with several careless youths in blue jeans and caps—youths who probably have something to do with engines. At least the caps are of the cut affected by mechanicians in steam. The letter M decorates the front. At the middle east entrance of the park an orator is mounted on a motor wagon which is frightfully armed with a calliope. He is shouting himself red in the face with some sort of propaganda.

Besmocked young women hover on the edge of the crowd about the wagon. They are not deeply interested. The one in dull green has a black mop with elf locks upon each painted cheek, as the mode is; the one in old rose has a very close blond boyish bob—which is just as modish.

A few yards away a pale blue smock and a mauve smock are buying Eskimo pies from a sidewalk vendor. Across the street in the shadow of the tall buildings other smocks promenade. A group of assorted pastel shades is frivolously disposed against the severe judicial background of the Appellate Court Building, with the statues of grim allegorical persons on guard. Statues do suggest art and studios, perhaps; but surely these smocks have nothing to do with the sculptured symbols of the sovereign law.

At the furthest corner of the square is another assembly of smocks. They are watching operations in the hole in the ground that was once the Garden—and still, no doubt, is haunted by ghosts of bygone circuses and horse shows and six-day bicycle races and French balls that were not in the least French. Every short while a little knot of smocks saunters—or dashes, as temperament and traffic conditions determine—across the busy roadway.

If you cross that roadway yourself and go eastward, you will find more smocks. Especially you will find them in Twenty-fourth Street, on both sidewalks and hovering in the doorways. You will even find them playing ball from sidewalk to sidewalk. More of them will be in Fourth Avenue. There at the moment a man with apples and oranges and a man with bananas are rival temptations. The apple-and-orange man has two smocks sampling his wares, pink and pale green—with a very up-to-date and above-the-knee red street costume for company—if not for harmony. The banana man has a bright blue smock chaperoned by a companion in the sort of straight pale-gray coat that is nowadays so much affected in our streets.

Southward, along the western sidewalk of Fourth Avenue, are more smocks and more bobbed bare heads. Some are dashing across the street or hesitating on the curb. If you look into the little restaurants that abound in the vicinity, you will find still more smocks. More again are on high stools at soda fountains.

Stragglers in Smocks

You can find them even on the south side of Twenty-third Street, and down as far as Calvary Church, which has lately lost its old wooden twin towers and got new ones much less imposing and is a place where persons in society get married. Once in a while the smocks get as far as Gramercy Park, a short block further east. There they are likely to encounter stragglers from another noonday tide of bareheaded young persons—persons a good deal younger. These come up from the Washington Irving High School. The schoolgirls do not wear smocks. But the bobs are much the same.

It is a curious thing that the young persons in smocks, whether in Madison Square or in the streets beyond, are seen in one another's company—going by twos or in larger groups. You do not meet a smock walking with a young man who has just had his shoes shined. You do not see a smock sitting sentimentally upon a bench with a young man who has no time to waste, at the moment, upon the rising generation of bootblacks. There are such couples, but the young woman wears the costume of the street, not that of the studio.

Whether there is an etiquette in the matter, or whether there are office rules that extend into the public square, is a point upon which this writer is not informed. Indeed, it may have just happened so. But observation extended over two noon hours, and not a single exception was noted—unless you count the composition of smocks and blue jeans.

You may remember that the young men in blue jeans wore caps marked on the front with the letter M. The smocks are not marked. But there are no art studios about Madison Square, or none that amount to anything, since Madison Square tower came down.

The fact is that the young persons in smocks are in a business as remote from art as can be imagined. They work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and when the bells ring out the hour of 1 in the great clock tower aloft, they skurry back into the vast hive of actuary industry that fills one whole block and leaps by way of a private bridge of sighs, so high hung that you mostly miss seeing it, over into the next block.

No doubt the youths in blue jeans with M upon their caps are workers in the same hive. Obviously the studio has furnished the office young lady with a welcome hint of how to be dressed up all day and still not dressed up. But it is off her own bat that the office young lady has taken upon herself to give such an air of informality to a public park in the midst of the city; to import into an abode of dull monotony so many and charming touches of color; to bring back to a place that was once the resort of fashion a reminder—if only by contrast—of its departed glory.

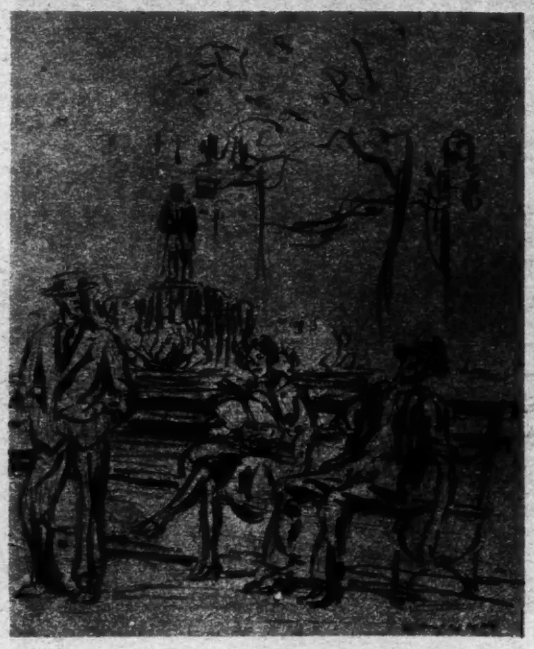
General Effect Is Cheerful

If Admiral Farragut and William H. Seward, cast in enduring bronze, turn their backs upon the spectacle, it is only because they are cast in enduring bronze, and because the monument placers set them facing the setting sun. The likes of you and me, as we pass by, are apt to look and linger, well pleased to have something new added to the sights of New York. Not, of course, that all the smocks are beautiful or that all the young persons in them are wise in the choice of a smock to wear. None the less, the general effect is cheerful.

As a vivacious pair of smocked ones passed, done up in very delicately attuned shades, I caught the eye of one in overalls who smoked a short pipe. He grinned. "There's a sight of difference in overalls," says he, "accordin' to who wears 'em," and applied himself again to his tobacco. As a matter of fact, smocks are a style of overall that never came into general favor till skirts got so short that smocks could match that brevity.

Male artists also wear smocks. It has been recorded that an eminent Gothic expert like Ralph Cram wears one of a sage green color in his Boston office, and that the office staff, male and female, follow suit, varying the colors according to their several tastes and complexions. But there are no male office persons in smocks in the garden of office girls in smocks that is Madison Square. Not yet.

The bums who have always sat and dozed and drooped upon the sunlit benches still sit there as before. They sleep soddenly or blink in the glare of high noon. They hardly seem to notice what company has come to their park. But then there are not so many of them as there used to be. They are not really being uncomfortably crowded by the smocked invaders.



Unconscious of the Slumbering Ruin Next to Her.

Smocks Give Madison Square the Color of a Garden in a Quarter of Studios.

NEWEST BALLETS SCORN THE MERELY HUMAN FORM

Bauhaus Movement in Germany Gets Exotic and Colorful Effects With Mechanical and Triadic Figures

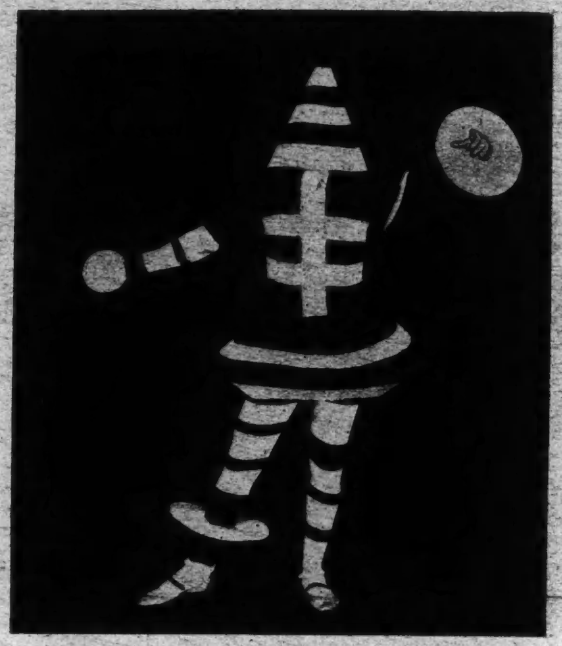


Figure From "The Man at the Switchboard," a New Radical German Ballet.

By HERMAN G. SCHEFFAUER
BERLIN.

NEW YORKERS have recently been given an opportunity to sample, in "Skyscrapers," a distinctly "modern" ballet; so that perhaps a sort of preliminary groundwork may be said to have been laid, making easier an understanding of some of the really extraordinary things now being attempted in Germany by creators of ballets in the "new" manner. Not, however, that "Skyscrapers," in the light of what is here being done, could be called very extreme. "Mild" may best describe the John Alden Carpenter product when it is compared with recent activities of the new Bauhaus at Dessau.

The State of Saxony, while yet a kingdom, established and supported an art and architectural school at Weimar called "das Staatliche Bauhaus," or State House of Architecture. After the war that institution, divested of its royal and conservative character, became the stronghold of a group of revolutionary young architects, artists and craftsmen under the guidance of Walter Gropius, who married the widow of Gustav Mahler, noted Austrian musician and composer. Lyonel Feininger, a native American and an exponent of the higher "Expressionist" school, is also a member of this group.

Old Laws Upset

Art and "intellectualized modernity," certain guild principles, a rigid discipline in the teaching of rudiments, an earnest attempt to ennoble factory-made products—these are the chief shibboleths of this destructive and constructive group. But the tenets, principles and products of the Bauhaus aroused such fierce opposition that the State of Saxony refused to give it further financial support. This produced a great uproar throughout intellectual Germany in 1924, and battle lines of artists and legislators were marshaled for and against the Bauhaus. The State and the conservatives won, the old Bauhaus was placed under a new director and Walter Gropius forthwith founded a new Bauhaus at Dessau.

This group of "practical theorists" has been busy upsetting and rearranging all the laws and principles of art, architecture, music, and the like. It has tried to recast the inherited and the traditional into forms considered consonant with the modern age. The whole movement may at times seem like caprice, diabolical spite, impotence, or even sheer lunacy. But they are not to be disposed of so easily. The most obvious and ready formula to fling at this colony of teachers and students is "Cubism!" or "Expressionism!"—any one, in fact, of the stock terms for the new art movement. Their case, however, merits a little study.

The Bauhaus movement is based upon careful, exact, almost mathematical deductions; upon formulas, schematic diagrams and plans, backed up by a fixed faith in the holiness of new theories. As for the theories, these are not only given visible and tangible form, but are also put into action. Abstractions are shown as realities; translated into deeds.

This applies to most of the departments of the Bauhaus, from pottery to weaving and furniture making. It applies to the peculiar Bauhaus stage that, under the direction of Oskar Schlemmer, has acquired a life of its own. Most especially does it apply to the Bauhaus's Triadic and mechanical ballets.

Let us proceed, in dealing with this somewhat abstruse subject, from elementals or first principles. Let us deal with rudiments and win, if we can, a glimpse of the roots from which these strange flowers of a new art receive nourishment.

Light, form, color, line, space, surface, solids—these play their parts. They are analyzed and then built into a new whole. The results are so new, and, indeed, so astonishing, that they might be the creations of moon men or of Martians. Schlemmer, for example, takes the human body, neutral and unadorned, and regards it in relation to its environment. This environment is abstract space, cubical "room" (whether it be enclosed by the six sides of a room or not). Spatial forms are transferred to the human body. The head, the trunk, the arms and legs are enclosed in cubic forms—and lo! the human being becomes a kind of architecture in motion.

In another instance the laws of function that govern the human body in relation to space are considered. Here again the corporeal forms are conventionalized. This time the head assumes an egglike shape; the trunk a vaselike. Arms and legs take on the appearance of tapering clubs. The joints become spheres—ball-and-socket joints. The human figure is turned into a jointed doll; a kind of artist's lay figure.

Or suppose we take the laws of movement applying to the human body in relation to space. Here we have rotation, progression, intersection of space. We have the circling movement, the spiral, the movement

Above and to Right—Dancers in the Triadic Ballet.

in a plane. When these several movements are "developed," in a geometrical sense, the result is a kind of toplike figure, cones and flattened globes representing the outer "enclosing" lines of these movements. In other words, these give us the human body seen and conceived as a purely technical organism; a machine, if you will.

Finally, there is the metaphysical or spiritual expression of the body: the starlike form of the hand with extended fingers; the double-loop curve of the folded arms; the cross made by the line of the spine intersecting that of the shoulder blades. Then there is the double or threefold aspect of the head—the front face and the two profiles. Then there are the various articulations. The result is highly interesting, if a bit baffling; a "dematerialization" of the corporeal into the symbolical.

These innovations in the realm of the play and of the dance have led to the mechanical ballet, which may be either serious or grotesque. There seems to be here a wish to augment the effect of costume and the capacity of the dancer. Some German experimenters believe, with Gordon Craig, that the "living actor must quit the stage and that his place must be taken by an inanimate figure—the so-called super-marionette." They even closely approach the standards set up by Briussoff, the Russian expert, who demanded that "the actor be replaced by dolls with springs, each doll to carry a gramophone in its interior."

Where the Automaton Scores

Now, a mere human dancer is confined to short steps, a yard or so either way; to low leaps, at most a yard or more above the ground. He is able to free himself from the law of gravity only for a second. When he goes beyond this, assisted by trapezes and tight-ropes, he becomes an acrobat. It is here that the automaton and the marionette come triumphantly into their own. The artificial figure, when equipped with all the subtleties of modern techniques, permits of every possible movement; every possible position at any moment. Then, too, the playwright is enabled to use figures of many sizes—dwarfs and giants.

It cannot be denied that the "wonder-sense" and "play-sense" are given almost unlimited expression through these new media or these new forms of old media.

But there is another type of ballet. Contrary to the movement that embues the marionette with human or superhuman capacities, we have that which reduces (in some cases elevates) the unadorned or abstract or neutral human being to the rank of a puppet. Emotional qualities or characteristics may even be increased, by means of the mask. For the masking of the face and of the entire body achieving the whimsical, the terrible, the gracious, the captivating, the droll, the tragic—may give figurative expression to the living man within the living symbol.

This so-called Triadic Ballet has broken ground in a new world. Fabulous figures carried out in marvelous new materials, such as metals, paper, wood and glass, widen the range of our present symbols, providing a new gallery of forms, a new alphabet for denoting such recondite shades of thought and feeling as visit the modern mind.

This ballet was first suggested in 1912 by a pair of dancers, Albert Burger and Elsa Hötzel. The first attempt at presentation took place in 1915. The first formal performance of the whole ballet occurred in 1922 in Stuttgart—then again in 1923. It consisted of three parts and was danced by three dancers. Some seventeen costumed figures were employed, augmenting, exaggerating or conventionalizing the human and the "geometrical."

The dance proceeded from the comic to the serious. The first part was gay and burlesque in spirit, upon a stage and against a background of pure lemon yellow. The second part was stately and serene, upon a rose-colored stage. The third part was mystic and fantastic, with the stage draped entirely in black. The costumes were in part of stiff or padded fabrics, embracing every tone and color; in part of cardboard, wood or other materials. Even metals were called upon.

The Two Ballet Forms

The two ballet forms are radically unlike. As we have seen, the mechanical ballet is composed of inanimate puppets and figures, many showing extremely grotesque or cubistic shapes. These puppets are worked in the manner of ordinary marionettes.

In the mechanical ballet we have the actual material expression and operation of such tricks and comic turns as we find in the grotesque "drawn" or designed film. In the marionette plays carried out by these figures no attempt is made to ape the marionette. These, instead, are unabashed, naked sticks, blocks and rods of wood, fantastically relating themselves to human shapes and movements. The possibilities in the realm of the eccentric are, of course, great.

The moving shadow of the human being as projected by the film has already become a universal factor in theatrical mimicry, made possible by photography. There can be no doubt that the triadic and the mechanical ballets open up new and fruitful perspectives. The rude, conventionalized marionette of the mechanical ballet and the strange new forms and figures of the triadic ballet, with its living dancers, have evolved their own laws and will produce their own art, naïve or complicated.

Supreme over all the mummery of mechanical puppets, we may venture to believe, still stands the human figure; the living, breathing, acting, suffering and enjoying human creature—image of ourselves, set in the world we may love or may hate, but with which we must reckon. This is the world we know. The drama of tradition is not yet so dead that it must abjectly surrender the boards to the inanimate. It is highly probable that the vital will always triumph over the mechanical, and especially, perhaps, in the ballet.

Masks Used in the Triadic Ballet.

GAY FLOWERS ADD HARMONY TO THE HOME

How They May Be Used Effectively—Gate-Leg Tables Grow Small

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

FLOWERS play an important part in the decoration of a room; and that the happiest effects may be achieved, florist shops are providing city homes with blooms of ever greater variety. Blossoms of many brilliant hues unknown to florists not so long ago may now be had to harmonize with gay color schemes. A growing number of householders who have their own suburban gardens give as much care to arranging decorative effects with flowers indoors as they do to obtaining colorful results in their flower beds.

No piece of fabric, picture or bit of painted wood can add such a throbbing note to a room as can a flower. To the passionate lover of flowers a roomful is not too many; but for a home decorator a few well-placed sprays or blossoms of the proper color suffice. More would overload a room and submerge the effect of the other furnishings. Flowers may be used to better advantage as an accent in a decorative scheme than as a feature.

The effect of flowers in a room is increased by the play of light upon them, says Richardson Wright in in his informing book, "Flowers for Cutting and Decoration." Placed near a window in the daytime they gain in brilliancy; and at night a direct artificial light shed upon them brings out the color and makes a spot of living decoration in the room. Flowers of a distinctive character with long stems form a charming silhouette when placed against

The Entrance Hall Is a Strategic Place for Flowers.

the light of a window. Twigs and vines are also effective, used in this way. Sometimes a bouquet, strategically placed, will bring out the color of a picture or of hangings, and both will seem richer by contrast.

Backgrounds for flowers are an important consideration. A plain, light background always enhances a cluster of flowers, although blooms such as nasturtiums, with their sturdy, brilliant hue, will dominate almost any background. It is the delicately colored flowers that need especial care in placing. They require a background that is simple and fairly close to them, and they should be placed in a well-lighted part of the room.

If one is seriously interested in the use of flowers as decoration, a varied collection of bowls and vases is essential, for the best results are obtained when just the right container is used. Vases or bowls should always be subordinate in effect to the flowers. Simple shapes with no ornament, or an unobtrusive design, are the best. Dull or deep colors harmonize with most flowers, although brightly tinted pottery is often successful, if carefully selected.

In general, vases and bowls should be chosen that will allow the flower stalks to be at least one and a half times the height of the receptacle. Glass containers are especially useful, for they allow the stems of the flowers to be seen. To the connoisseur in flower arrangement the stems form an attractive part of the ensemble. Flowers should never be crowded and the receptacle should be deep enough to permit the stems to be well immersed.

The arrangement of flowers is an art, as the Japanese have shown us; but one may always obtain a pleasant effect if the flowers are arranged in an informal, natural manner. Stems and leaves should be free from one another, as in nature, and each flower far enough from its neighbor to be readily distinguishable. The massed effect of the old-fashioned bouquet has, happily, gone out of fashion.

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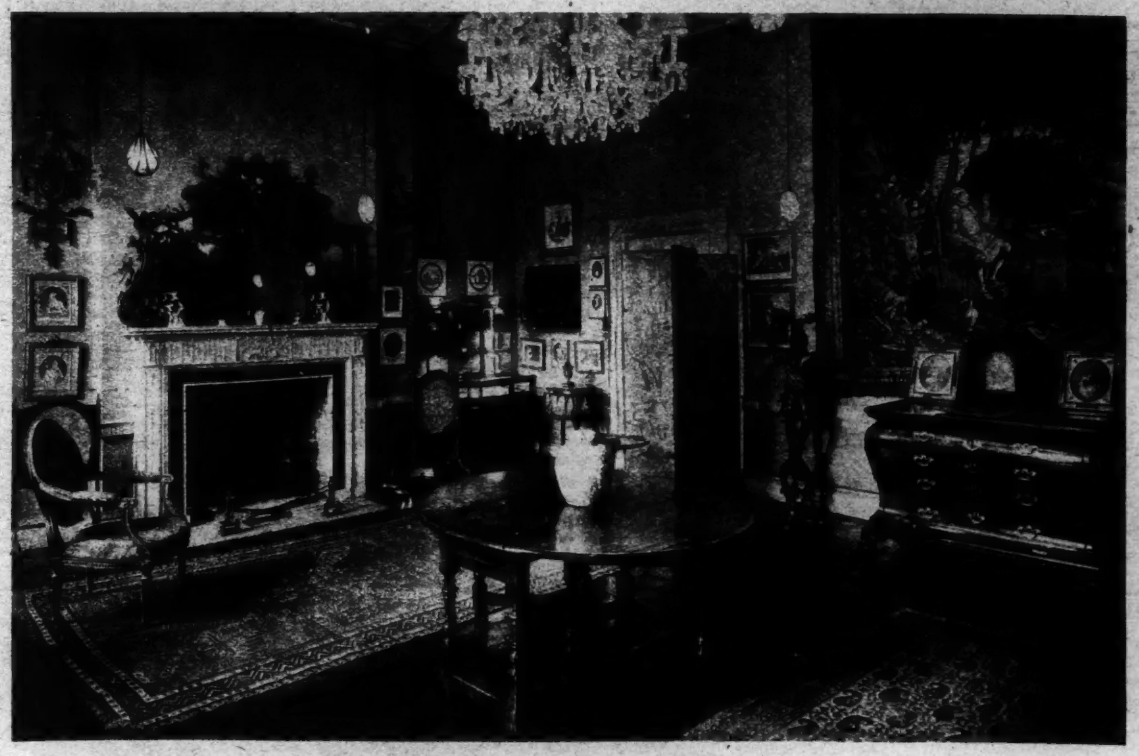

An Ensemble of Antique Furniture for the Drawing Room.

Photo by Courtesy of The Antiquarian Magazine.

IN the decoration of rooms the accessories of a period are almost as important as are the main pieces of furniture. One such aid to correct atmosphere in any arrangement of Colonial and old English furniture in pine, maple or oak is pewter ware. On old dressers, or ranged in a row on the mantel shelf above a hearth, pewter plates and mugs seem as necessary as a prism chandelier in a Georgian dining room.

How Pewter Is Used

There is no real use nowadays for these pewter platters, bowls and tankards, for ware of other and better metal has taken their place. But in the days when interiors of Tudor and Jacobean and early Colonial style were as "modern" as overstuffed furniture is today, pewter took the place of china and silver in all but the very wealthy households. Today no ensemble of furniture in the simpler woods and forms of those times, or their modern reproductions, is complete without some pieces of this ancient ware to give the proper decorative note.

The making of pewter is one of the abandoned crafts of the world. It is not a lost art, for the formulas of its composition are well known, and good pewter can still be made. But no one would use pewter in his household now. A hundred years ago this softly gleaming gray metal was superseded by britannia metal and Sheffield plate. These in turn were displaced by electro-plated ware, by china and by glass.

There is still a wealth of old pewter obtainable. One should, however, buy from reliable dealers, for reproductions masquerading as original old pieces may be sold to unsuspecting purchasers. These copies are sometimes made from the original molds and then adorned with the look of age and a rare maker's mark to deceive the unwary.

Composition of Pewter

Almost any kind of table or kitchen ware may be discovered among old examples of pewter. The owner of a few pieces bought for the Colonial dresser or the old fireplace mantel is sometimes intrigued into trying to accumulate a whole "garnish" of pewter. This almost obsolete word denotes a set of twelve platters, twelve dishes and twelve saucers.

Pewter is a composition of tin alloyed with copper or lead. Various grades of quality were recognized in the old days, and there was a marked distinction between "fine" and "common" pewter. A popular idea that silver was one of the essential ingredients of the best pewter is erroneous. In very old pewter traces of silver may often be found; but this infinitesimal quantity was an accident. Silver is sometimes found with lead, in the natural state, and in those days the smelting of lead ore was not effective enough to eliminate all of the more precious metal.

American pewter is generally much simpler in design than that once made in Europe. Yet in almost every instance the product of these early American pewterers is fine in line and artistic in proportion. Silverware undoubtedly served as patterns for pewter at first, but later certain traditional forms in the baser metal were followed. Many of these early examples that have come down to us carry a mark, or "touch," denoting the quality and the maker. It is difficult to determine the date of a piece, however, for many pieces marked with an eagle, a popular American mark, fail to show the maker's name.

One of the earliest pewterers in this country was a New Yorker, John Halden, who in 1743 advertised ware that he made at his shop at Market Slip. In fact, soon after that date this city led in the making of pewter, most of it manufactured in small shops by master craftsmen and their apprentices.

Considering the once widespread use in America, one would find a much larger number of pieces today if the Revolutionary War had not occurred. Many a bullet fired in that struggle by the Continental troops was made in patriot households by melting down pewter plates, trenchers and bowls. An ironical event of those days was the melting of the pewter statue of George III that adorned Bowling Green.

Much foreign-made pewter was used in the Colonies, for pewter was a universal household metal in Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Interesting examples of Dutch, French, German and English ware may still be found. The supply of authentic old pewter is today augmented by importations of ancient plates, bowls and tankards.

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MODERN apartment living is reacting upon the design of the gate-leg table, and diminutive sizes that would have been scorned 300 years ago, in the good old Jacobean days, are being made. Unlike pewter, with its present-day limitations, the gate-leg table is almost as indispensable as it was in the English and American households of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

First developed in England in the age of oak furniture (for the gate-leg table, contrary to general belief, is not an American invention), oak became the traditional wood for this useful article. For a few tables maple and fruit woods were employed; but, even after the introduction of walnut, in Queen Anne's time, and later of mahogany, oak was generally used for these tables of many legs. Now many of the gate-leg tables are made of walnut, because this wood harmonizes better than does oak with other pieces of our modern furniture.

In the movement today toward smaller sizes, designers have developed very small tables, which, when not in use, may be stored in pairs beneath the oval top of a table of ordinary height. Gate-leg coffee tables are also made.

ART OF THE MODERNS IN A NOTABLE SHOW

Brooklyn Museum's Summer Exhibit Has Hundred Paintings From Private Collections—Some Early Portraits

Mrs. Robert Nicholls Auchmutz, by Gilbert Stuart.

WHEN the popular Crown Prince of Sweden visited the Brooklyn Museum a couple of weeks ago he had an opportunity to see not only the recently arranged Swedish section, which deserves a special chapter, but also one of the most distinguished exhibitions of modern art that has been shown this season.

About a hundred paintings have been lent for the Summer by private collectors, and many of the examples are publicly exhibited for the first time. The Americans represented are Maurice and Charles Prendergast and Arthur B. Davies. The French pictures are by Cezanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Derain, Redon and others.

The first of the gallery coves dedicated to the Summer group illustrates the extraordinary harmony existing among works of art of widely varying character by artists who have in common one aim, the capture in their work of the quality of life. Thus we have a Prendergast, a Davies, a Redon, a Revera, a Seurat, a Cezanne, a Fantin Latour, a Derain, a Morisot, a Picasso, a Gauguin, circling walls surrounding some lusty dancing figurines by Degas, and every picture fully alive and on good terms with its neighbors.

It is amazing to see how the "Picnic," by Maurice Prendergast, towers in this company. Oddly enough, it is Derain who moves beside it with equal ease of carriage, with as perfect coordination and freedom of gesture. Derain, testing all theories, trying all methods, scientific, inclined to geometry; Prendergast, keeping to his own particular star, untroubled by theory, unsolicited by geometry and sciences, holding youth buoyantly and with an exquisite refinement—what is there to make companionship betwen the two appear so natural as almost to be inevitable?

If a relation so subtle can be put into a single phrase the answer is: Their feeling for proportion. Both Prendergast and Derain emphatically declare the relative importance of each item in a design, and while neither is so untutored as to sacrifice the total effect of a design to any one of its items, neither, on the other hand, is so insensitive as to sacrifice the single item to the whole. It is an art above art thus to keep a number of objects within the structure of a finely built design without letting any one of them suffer a diminution of its individual importance.

Prendergast's "Picnic," a variant upon "The Swans" in the Phillips Memorial Gallery, a number of figures festooned across a sparkling landscape, appears to be a work of purest spontaneity. Not a hint of labor in its blots of fresh color draping a loose framework of line. And as one glances from one figure to the next each communicates that buoyancy of mood so liberally given by the best examples of classic art. Each is endowed with nobility by the satisfying character of its proportions. The nobility of the whole design is due, of course, to the same cause, and the interrelation of its subdivisions is extremely subtle; but the special point is that each of these subdivisions is itself subtly proportioned to convey the impression of vitality. Break one off from the design and you would leave the latter mutilated, but the fragment would be in itself an organic whole.

In another cove is a smaller example, "New England," in which the design is largely one of color. In our northeastern landscape such color awaits everywhere the seeing eye. To Prendergast the scene, devoid of picturesque incident, of historic interest, of the stimulus of novelty, unfolded its romantic charm. Hot clouds moving above heavy trees, color suffusing a general tone of grayish green, bringing with it the sense of rich fragrance of foliage and grass and unseen gardens with aromatic plants. By the side of such an evocation even the exquisite travel notes of Arthur Davies strike an impersonal note. A coast picture conveys still more mysteriously the wild freedom of untrammeled winds.

Work of Arthur Davies

Mr. Davies is fully represented in the exhibition, from the period, twenty-five or thirty years ago, when he clearly defined form with a close bounding line and a full interior modeling, to the charming landscapes of a year or two ago. Here is "The Great Mother," one of his haunting interpretations of maternal sentiment, cautious in handling with a luscious quality of color that in his later work became a warm pallor. Here is "Alchemy," still rich and sweet with the fruity quality of Venetian dyes; a sky turning to gold behind dark mountains. Here are landscapes with figures, prone girls, dancers frenzied with autumnal exhilaration, nude figures bending with a rhythm like that of waves breaking on a shore, the beautiful white unicorns, goats on a hilltop, runners, wrestlers, woman asleep.

Water colors, drawings, cities, castles, allegories, each example saturated with the culture and emotion of a mind moving swiftly in search of some medium of expression that shall hold for other generations its vision of the unsubstantial pageant of the world. Swiftly though it moves, the method of expression is careful. Not in the briefest sketch with chalk on paper or the most fluent utterance in pigment is there such a sense of mental nonchalance, such an unconcern with the mechanics of art, as Prendergast's stately "Picnic" seems to intimate. Art has an almost insolent way of proving that not by taking thought can a man add one cubit to his stature.

The comparison is not, however, intended to minify the really great achievement of Mr. Davies. A mind so intensely conscious as his of the best that has been done in the world inevitably would find it impossible to cast this consciousness to the winds when embarking upon his own enterprise; and the clear expression of this consciousness is not only the most difficult problem of modern art, but the one that must be solved before we can have any truly modern art. What is modernity except the amazing expansion of consciousness under the influence of the new publicity that brings to every one everything from everywhere?

Jonathan Mountfort, by John S. Copley.

Turning back to the Frenchmen, Cezanne has a representation rivaling that of Davies. Two portraits of his wife are here, both well known; the one, dull, quiet, self-contained, with the air of complete composure that seems to belong alone to the women of France; the other alert, the head lifted, the expression intelligent, a beauty of plainness that also seems to belong alone to the women of France. Neither of these portraits is labored. The workmanship of the first is heavy and flat, that of the second looser and more plastic, with a beautifully precise placing of each change of color in the flesh tones. Either portrait might have taken the hundred or more sittings given to the famous unfinished portrait of M. Vollard, and both wear the look of a direct statement of the artistic idea.

The magnificent self-portrait is another affair. The rugged dabs of paint swept on with the palette knife are intensely alive. The palette knife has scraped great fragments of white paint from the palette catching at blue or vermilion or yellow and drawing them along in the wake of the white, and has slabbed the pigment onto the canvas with a fury of energy that may have served instead of his favorite curses to clear the artist's brain. A great portrait, fat with paint, already showing deep fissures, but shouting of character and temperament and a profound concern with the structure of life, that structure which embraces not only humanity but all the material of the natural world and the great globe itself. This expansion of mind in the region of elemental relations is the characteristic differentiating Cezanne, nervous, industrious little countryman of Vollard's reminiscences, from the other painters of his generation. No one else tried so hard to master as much of cosmic philosophy as belonged to the artist's field of thought.

The Painter's Sensitiveness

In his water colors his sensitiveness comes to the surface. If here, as he has said, his principal idea was to render his "little sensation," he used no unnecessary circumlocution. His sensation drifts to the paper on a film of color so slight it hardly seems to exist at all, yet so efficient that many a neighboring oil wears an aspect of feebleness in comparison, looks like a puny old person smothered in wrappings challenging youth dancing with a scarf. One cannot escape the conviction in this fine assembling of his work that Cezanne was a great master. He stands the terrible strain of multiplied examples without falling back by half a pace from the position given him by his most appreciative critics.

Derain also ranges through several moods. First, a pale green landscape, trees reflected in a pool, a rubbing of dull blue in the sky, the pigment lightly staining the canvas, open patches of which separate these scumbles of color; the impression given of air and a pleasant windless day.

Next to this airy landscape the well-known "Window Opening on a Park." Here the pigment is still used with restraint, but the dark color and the emphasis upon the third-dimension lends a sombre dignity to the effect. There is a small, narrow canvas nearly filled with a large head emphatic in modeling and warm in tone. Finally a still life, fruit, kitchen utensils, a napkin. No attempt to reproduce texture, no roundness of form, no marked distortion; a peculiarly masculine and vigorous example of Derain's always full-flavored art. In comparison with it even Cezanne in his famous still-life subjects seems somewhat to have forced his note, to have labored self-consciously for a result reached by Derain in an easy stride as the natural way of painting.

There are a couple of Picassos, one the sorrowful Harlequin, with a bold and distinguished flourish of yellow and red flowers in the background pattern and a crackle of red throughout the composition; the other a still life of 1914, abstract, a lively dance of dots and dashes, of smooth and rugous surfaces, of full and open spaces, stimulating to tired nerves perhaps, like the alternating needle sprays of hot and cold water prescribed by specialists. All the men of Picasso's school and following are specialists in waking up a drowsy mind.

It is interesting to compare his arrangements of graduated dots and dashes with the systematic method of

Mrs. Wyseman Claggett, by Blackburn.

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Seurat, who has been charged with monotony and formality. The dots of pigment in a picture by Seurat are seldom monotonous. In the powdery, tight little landscape enclosed in a narrow framework of dots there is great variety in scale. The dullness arises from the compression. There is no room to breathe in the dust-laden atmosphere. No doubt the necessity of breathing was unimportant to him in comparison with the close granulation of his surfaces.

There are few flower subjects in the exhibition, but the few are of the best. None is more exquisite in its sturdy refinement than the slim vase of white roses by Fantin-Latour hanging under the potrait of Mme. Cezanne in the first cove. The radiance of the bouquet assembled and spiritualized by Redon is almost unbelievable, so near to the impossible as to be faintly melodramatic, a Marguerite impersonated by a Bernhardt.

Early American Portraits

The exhibition will be open until the last of September, and there will be opportunity for more than one visit.

The museum's collection of early American portraits also is on view in the new galleries and has been rearranged in chronological order, illustrating the development of portrait painting during the early American period.

Joseph Blackburn, in comparison with the "Unknown Artist" who painted the ribbed and brown likeness of Colonel Henry Somerby in his fluted wig, seems amazingly modern, and his portrait of Mrs. Wyseman Claggett justifies Tuckerman's praise of the "grace of his female heads" and the remarkable beauty of

"The Summit Thicket," by Arthur B. Davies.

"Window on the Park," by André Derain.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

the hands. Nevertheless, Colonel Somerby turning toward us a stiff head, his mouth smiling stiffly, his rigidly crossed eyes also smiling, has character if not grace. A tremendous effort to put that character upon canvas with an indisputable veracity is apparent in every painstaking line.

The Copleys are numerous and varied: "Jonathan Mountford of Boston," a little gray boy in a blue coat and yellow waistcoat, with ruffles around his neck and wrists, stands smiling faintly and holding a wreath of roses and blue and white flowers. A charming little stiff boy who stands out in salient contrast to Robert Chandler Hooper, who sits reading a letter, his huge face enlivened by his bright smiling dark blue eyes, his portly figure a trifle slouched in a handsome mahogany chair, on his desk in front of him an envelope addressed "To Rob't Hooper Esq. in Marblehead, New England," a device for communicating the name of the sitter that undoubtedly seemed exceedingly clever to both sitter and artist. This portrait, in spite of undiscriminated high lights and rather a tight handling of pigment, is robust and capable and so suffused with character that it would be impossible to doubt the likeness.

From this to the portrait of Mrs. Ben Davis is another long step. Perhaps the most aristocratic type the collection affords. Black hair, growing irregularly, casts delicate blue shadows on a high forehead, the flesh tones are fair, the large eyes in their handsome setting impersonal in glance, the sloping shoulders and deep chest softened by fine lace at their meeting with the grayish blue satin of the dress. A lace ruche surrounds the neck, high under the chin, pearls are in the hair and a rope of them holds the folds of a thin puce-colored scarf sparsely ornamented with gold spangles. The costume is carefully painted and the portrait is all compact of cool distinction.

The portrait of Elizabeth Rothmahler by Jeremiah Theüs is another especially agreeable example of Colonial art, and is described in a thoroughly documented and extremely interesting article by John Hill Morgan in the Museum Quarterly for April, 1921.

Theüs has had the distinction of being mistaken for Copley in a number of his paintings of women, and he fairly well sustains the erroneous attributions. He manages to put into the faces of his sitters almost as distinct a personality as Copley achieves, and in the matter of eyebrows, that important source of expression in the human countenance, he is particularly scrupulous. The straight brows of Elizabeth Rothmahler at the Museum give to the irregular young face the larger part of its dignity, counteracting the impression made by the snub nose, the protruding eyeballs, the full lips. A very prim and buxom young woman with her tight corsage and stiff bow. The pains that were taken with our great-grandmothers to make their backs straight and their carriage erect were not wasted upon Elizabeth Rothmahler of the high forehead and nebulous ear. It was in 1740 that Theüs advertised in The Gazette of Charleston, S. C., that "Gentleman and Ladies" might have their pictures drawn by him, and at Charleston he painted for over thirty years, dying in that city in 1774. This portrait is dated 1757.

To get the full measure of difference between the Colonial "Portrait of a Lady" and the early Victorian, one may turn from Elizabeth Rothmahler to Sully's portrait of Anne Rawle Wain. Anne's ear, far from nebulous, stands out boldly from a lovely mass of curls that straggle systematically over forehead and cheek. Her eyes, as large and dark as Elizabeth's, gaze with a hint of laughter from under slightly drooping lids. Her broad mouth carries out the intimation of humor. The large head on the small neck has a forward inclination. The shoulders are narrow and the whole figure is relaxed in an easy gracious posture. Amiability, acquiescence, flexible lithe grace, cloaking a firmness every whit as determined as that of the stiff-necked young Elizabeth. Among the other early painters represented is Charles Willson Peale with his animated group of "Mrs. David Forman and Child," handsome, competent and expressive; the buoyancy of gesture in both mother and child (the former holding a bunch of cherries just out of reach of the child's eager fingers), the interested expression on both faces, the gayety of mood playing through the composition, uniting to justify the term "lively genius" applied by Trumbull to Peale, much to the disgust of Dunlap, the historian.

Dunlap himself is most favorably represented by his portrait of Robert Snow, first President of the Apprentice's Library, a quiet brown portrait of a man with earnest eyes and a friendly, rather deprecating smile. The light falls full on the face and neckkerchief and these are relieved against a dark background with dramatic effect, although the painting is low in tone. Ralph Earl also is excellent in his portrait of Truman Marsh, a clergyman and a scholar, who stands in front of a bookcase, a large volume open in hands bony with reddish knuckles. The eyes are blue, the flesh tones warm, the rich browns and yellows of the calfskin bindings and the red of the curtain forming an agreeable harmony.

Canvases by Stuart

There are Stuarts of varying interest, the most engaging a fine old lady, Mrs. Robert Nicholls Auchmuty, a rose pink flush tinging a white skin, reddish brown hair showing under a white cap, a mouth deep sunken, sans teeth, keen intelligent eyes, the whole color scheme the bewitching rose and pink of which Stuart was master, the painting a thin rubbing of pigment over a ribbed canvas. A beautiful portrait and a striking contrast to that of Colonel Isaac Barre, whose heavy features and form make a dull impression.

James Peale with a portrait of Lady Strachan, grandmother of Richard Harwood, shows himself capable of clear and fine delineation of character. The Sullys include, besides the portrait of Anne Wain, a suave ingratiating portrait of Cumberland Dugan, fluently painted, the sustained harmony and just proportions giving a substantial quality to the pleasant refinement of this always amiable art; a lovely head of a child whose hair is done in bristling curl-papers above a wistful exquisite face, and a brilliant portrait of Elizabeth Cook in a salmon pink hood and white cape, holding a yellow market basket; a typical example of British beauty, with perhaps more of Irish than English in her black hair and red parted lips.

Rembrandt Peale is here with his portrait of George Taylor of Philadelphia, a half-grown boy in the picturesque costume of the period, high hat and gloves on the floor, one foot on a footstool, a bow in one hand, arrow in the other, the look of likeness and facility stamping the work as good. Other portraits are Henry Inman's of Fanny Kemble Butler, James Frothingham's "Washington," Samuel Waldo's "Margaret Mercer," a portrait of a man by John Neagle in which one passes to the mode of the middle years of the nineteenth century and side whiskers.

A collection to repay study on account of the artists represented and the sitters, nearly all of whom are prominent in some degree in the early life of the country.

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150 YEARS AGO TODAY: A NATION IS BORN

The Declaration of Independence Blazed the New Trail of Democracy in the Adventure of Government

(Continued from Page 3)

said, the colonies "on the one hand gloried in their connection with England, and on the other hand, precisely because they were Englishmen, were unwilling to yield on any occasion whatever one jot or tittle of their ancient liberties."

These "ancient liberties" were not always clearly defined. They could not be, for North America produced conditions which no lawgiver of older times had anticipated. Not until 1776 was there a mutual understanding on every point of colonial rights and duties. When the colonial system became perfectly clear the colonies had ceased to be colonies.

Most of the quarrels in the earlier years were over "supplies." This was the oldest of constitutional issues. Should the royal Governors' salaries be dependent upon annual grants from the Colonial assemblies or should they be paid from an independent source? The English House of Commons had been fighting just such a battle for many generations, and had just won its final victory. In Massachusetts, New York, South Carolina and Virginia the identical issue was raised again and again.

Very early, too, the question of a union of the colonies came up. Here there was no such sharp conflict between the Tories and the Whigs. All far-seeing men realized that the colonies must cooperate if they were to survive. The problem was to fix the terms. The Lords of Trade once projected the scheme of union under a single viceroy, but they endowed him with the powers which the colonists would never have accepted.

Franklin, perhaps the most sagacious American of his time, evolved his famous "Albany Plan" in 1754 as a means of defense against the French and Indians. He proposed that inter-Colonial affairs be administered by a Grand Council, with a royal Governor in the chair and a royal veto in the background. The Council was to be elected by the thirteen Colonies on a basis of population—or rather of that fraction of the population available for military service. The Council was to meet yearly at Philadelphia, it could impose taxes, raise troops; and make treaties with the Indians. Here was a foreshadowing of the Continental Congress except that the Continental Congress found it possible to dispense with the royal authority.

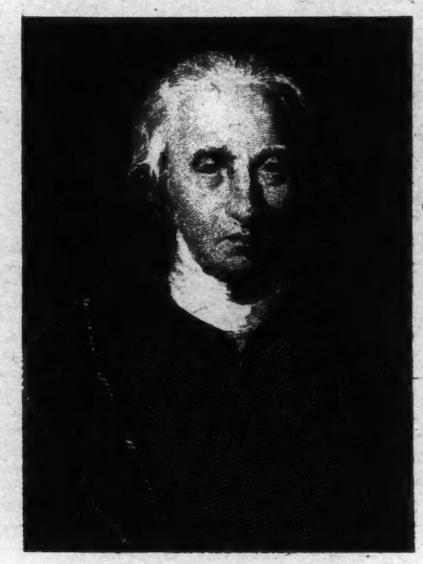
A Sober Second Thought

Franklin actually succeeded in getting his plan accepted by the representatives of the Colonies in session at Albany. But a more or less sober second thought prevented its going further. America was not ready for union. It would not be ready for union until it was also ready for independence.

A few years later there began that series of unlucky incidents—unlucky, at least, from the standpoint of the royal Government—which finally made separation inevitable. The revived "Sugar Acts," laying a tax on molasses brought from other than English ports, threatened to ruin the rum industry of New England; and as rum was not only respectable but even essential to the commercial welfare of many communities this was resented. When the New Englanders began to smuggle in dutiable goods, without the formality of consulting the customs officers, "writs of assistance," or blanket warrants permitting the search of private houses, were authorized. In a case arising under this provision of the English law James Otis made a fiery speech which has been described as "the opening scene of the American Revolution."

In 1765 came the Stamp act. From the English point of view this law was as painless a method of raising revenue as could be devised. Even Benjamin Franklin, though deploring the act, advised submission. Richard Henry Lee, later to be the author of the Independence resolution, actually applied for a Collectorship. But there was an undercurrent of fierce resentment which men like Otis, Adams and Christopher Gadsden sensed. Nine Colonies sent delegates to the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, and there Gadsden, rising with great earnestness, declared, "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the Continent, but all of 'us Americans." Mobs raced through Boston streets, everywhere the royal authority gave way before a sudden ebullition of popular sentiment. If the issue had been pressed by the King there would have been a revolution then, rather than ten years later.

In Virginia, during that same year, Patrick Henry was pleading the Colonial side in the "Parsons' Cause." The issue was whether the English Government or the Colonial Legislature should fix the salaries of clergymen of the Established Church. But, cried Henry, a King, when he sanctions such a law, "from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant and forfeits all right to obedience." There was more behind this than indignation over any one small law, no matter how arbitrary. The Colonists were growing less and less willing to be interfered with, on any pretext, by any overseas Government.



Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Patrick Henry.

John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, later to appear in the Continental Congress as the great compromiser and to refuse his signature to the Declaration of Independence, was writing his "Farmer's Letters," in which he dourly hinted, "English history affords examples of resistance by force." Samuel Adams, by 1768 at the latest, had sworn to devote his life to the fight for independence. But in these years men who were later to choose the Tory side were working hand in glove with those who were to become eager Whigs.

Boston forced the issue. The Boston town meeting set itself up against the might of the British Empire. Colonel Dalrymple's troops camped upon the Common and fired upon the jeering crowd. The great Tea Party took place. Dr. Johnson declared that "the Americans are a race of convicted felons" and Lord Hillsborough, the British Minister of State, boasted, "We shall grant nothing to the Americans, except what they may ask with a halter round their necks."

The undercurrent was flowing faster and faster. Boston saw its port closed by British ships of war, found itself denounced as a city in rebellion. The day of Lexington and Concord arrived, and suddenly thousands of law-abiding townspeople and farmers appeared with guns in their hands, dealing out death. Still very few dared read the meaning of it all. Said Jefferson in July, 1775, "We have not raised armies with designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States." Neither Franklin nor Washington believed that the coming struggle would lead to independence. Congress, a wholly illegal body under the English law, addressed petitions to the King in which, in a breath, it announced its intention of standing for its rights and then insisted upon its loyalty.

Washington, coming to command the troops around Boston, was still a loyal British subject. The Yankee soldiers had fought the battle of Bunker Hill as Cromwell's had fought Marston Moor, in defense of English liberties, and they continued to listen to prayers for the throne even while they leveled their cannon and dug their trenches on Dorchester Heights. But these players died away very early in 1776. The colonists began to harken to another preacher—Thomas Paine. And his was the voice of the undercurrent which had been growing louder through the years.

There might still have been hope of compromise if the King and his docile Parliament had not declared the Colonies out of the royal protection, closed the American ports, and enlisted Hessians and Brunswickers to fight English battles. When news of these proceedings reached America it sounded the death knell of the old loyalty. "The die is now cast," the King had said; "the Colonies must either submit or triumph." It soon became evident that triumph could mean nothing less than complete independence.

There Were Many Deserters

There were Americans who chose exile rather than relinquish their loyalty to the King. There were others who saw their fortunes threatened by the new dispensation. There were honest conservatives who stood with the colonists on most issues but shrank from the sharp surgery of independence. How numerous these dissenters were in the aggregate will never be known. They may have been, in the early years of the war, a third of the total population.

But the logic of events was against them. The times themselves were radical, and would not admit of a compromise. So, from April on, we see the current flowing more and more rapidly toward independence. North Carolina leads the way on April 12, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Virginia follow a month later, the King's American empire melts visibly from day to day. Finally, when Richard Henry Lee introduces his resolution on June 7, the only uncertainty is as to the exact moment when independence shall be declared. And that moment arrives on July 2 or 4, according to how we read our history. It is on July 4 that America announces to the world its reasons for a step it has irrevocably taken.

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IN Independence Hall a condition and a theory, long converging, had thus at last come together. The condition consisted principally of 3,000 miles of salt water, placed by nature between the British and American shores.

The theory was that of natural rights, of which the Declaration of Independence contains one of the best expositions ever written. Natural rights fitted into the situation in the Colonies as a hand fits a glove. The break with the mother country was as inevitable as an earthquake, but natural rights gave the earthquake a high moral justification.

This doctrine has come to be associated with the French Revolution and with the philosophical radicals of the school of Rousseau. It really goes back at least to John Locke, who used it to justify the English revolution of 1688. There are traces of it in the writings of Milton. It was Locke who spoke of mankind as being "all free, equal and independent." And Jefferson, like every American interested in political theory, had been reading Locke.

The dispute with England had long been carried on along constitutional lines. In fact, these were almost the only lines that could be followed as long as there was hope of reconciliation. Theoretically the colonists were Englishmen doing what Englishmen had been doing for generations—asserting their rights under an existing system of government. Theoretically no Englishman had ever proposed anything new in government. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights described old privileges which were in danger of being lost, not new ones which it was hoped to gain.

But because the situation in the Colonies was without precedent the colonial logic had beome confused. When the stamp tax had been imposed it was furiously resisted as internal and therefore illegal. But when an external tax, as in the cases of sugar and of tea, was attempted the resentment was just as great.

Benjamin Franklin, as early as 1768, saw that the issue was not one of internal or external taxes, but of liberty or no liberty. He argued "that Parliament has a power to make all laws for us, or that it has a power to make no laws for us." "And I think," he added, "the arguments for the latter more numerous than those for the former. Supposing that doctrine established, the Colonies would then be so many separate States, only subject to the same King, as England and Scotland were before the union."

But these attempts to keep the Colonial cause within the framework of the British Constitution, real or theoretical, were destined to be failures. What was the use of invoking precedent? There were no precedents to fit the situation. The grievances felt by the Colonists were not grievances of British subjects; they were grievances of human beings. They were being deprived of "natural rights" to which, under the current belief, all men were entitled. And natural rights, as Professor Becker has brilliantly pointed out in his book on the Declaration, became the justification for American independence. The colonists presented themselves before the world, not as Englishmen quarreling with their ruler, but as a free people resisting usurping tyranny. Hence King George, an easily dramatized figure, became the scapegoat.

The Declaration implied the existence of a "social compact," which had been entered into for good reasons, and could be broken for equally good ones. "It was convenient," says Professor Becker, "to assume that the connection between the Colonies and Great Britain had never been a very close connection, never, strictly speaking, a connection binding in positive law, but only a connection voluntarily entered into by a free people."

A Doctrine for Pioneers

Just how thoroughly the members of the Continental Congress accepted natural rights as a personal philosophy it is difficult to say. The Virginians and the Carolinians owned slaves and were perfectly conscious of the gap between the gentleman and the commoner. The Northerners had indentured servants, who were in almost as helpless a plight as slaves, and some worthy New Englanders were active in the slave trade up to the time of the Revolution. But the doctrine of natural rights was popular. It fitted a pioneer country, where every man had at least a fighting chance to rise in the world. It was something with which to appeal to the masses. And so the views of Thomas Jefferson, the enthusiast, became at last politically expedient.

The faith of Locke, of Rousseau and of Jefferson no longer receives uncritical approval. Yet it furnished a propitious beginning for the most imposing of democratic experiments.

"It was," says Professor Becker, "a humane and engaging faith. At its best it preached toleration in place of persecution, good-will in place of hate, peace in place of war. It taught that beneath all local and temporary diversity, beneath the superficial traits and talents that distinguish men and nations all men are equal in the possession of a common humanity, and to the end that concord might prevail on the earth instead of strife it invited men to promote in themselves the humanity which bound them to their fellows, and to shape their conduct and their institutions, too, in harmony with it."

The modern mind looks for scientific realities under the glowing generalizations of the eighteenth century, and does not invariably find them. Yet, even in this day of skepticism, when many an American looks half enviously at dictatorships across the sea, there may be less feasible political faiths than that of the Declaration. Certainly there are few nobler ones.

TWILIGHT STEALS OVER THE GALLERY GODS

Their Day Is Done, for Their Lofty Balcony Is Passing in the Modern Theatre—How They Used to Behave Themselves

By JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH

THE old theatre gallery is passing. Seldom nowadays do thrilled young ladies, aged 15, pay 25 or 50 cents, pant up endless flights of cold stone steps and emerge upon a bank of rickety wooden seats, so close to the lofty ceiling that they could brush the cobwebs away from it with their hands—if they had come there for that. Seldom do tousle-headed young men with ties under their ears lean forward in excitement, and drown out the horribly foreshortened villain with boos and hisses launched energetically across the great abyss. No. The gallery god and playing to the gallery are rapidly becoming terms of the past—for the gallery itself is going.

Americans do not like to sit in the gallery any longer. They seem to have an overwhelming desire to be seen by neighbors in clothes better than their neighbors'; in seats more expensive than their neighbors'. The cynical think that many persons go to the theatre half to see the play—half to be seen at the play. If such is the case it does not do to be seen in the gallery; half the evening's enjoyment is then gone. But to reflect thus cynically is not quite sound or quite just.

Play Makers Have Hobbies

The fate of the theatre has not lain entirely in the hands of its audiences. Quite the reverse. It has been snatched from its audiences by playwrights and producers and directors who have had their own particular hobbies and theories and artistic adventures to work out. The theatre has become a workshop for these pioneers and innovators; audiences have been for the most part an exciting and necessary "trying it on the dog" kind of proposition, as far as the experimenters have been concerned.

The old-time melodrama and spectacle shows that used to crowd the galleries have gone out of vogue. They have been sneered into the limbos of "vulgarity" and "nauseating sentimentality." In their places have come new strange, twisted forms of drama; impressionistic, expressionistic, satiric, symbolic. Some have been works of art, and significant as forerunners of a new, more effective drama; others have been feeble, effervescent, self-conscious—tiresome to all except the experimenters.

Not only has this theatrical revolution concerned itself with the actual dramatic forms, but also with the mechanics of production. Stage setting, and the theatre itself have been seized and remodeled by these fiercely enthusiastic pioneers.

Striving for an ever greater intimacy between the play and its audience, these producers have initiated and developed the "little theatres" with which we are now so familiar as to forget their comparatively recent advent. In these theatres there may not be a balcony, much less a gallery. Only two or three hundred people are seated, and these two or three hundred are the pick of the theatre-going public. Their interest in intellectual achievement is intense and vital; they respond to satire, symbolism and other subtle forms with at least a 50 per cent. average, and they are intelligent enough to overlook the obvious defects of the experiments, and laud their less obvious merits when they appear.

But what of the poor gallery fans? Bewildered, they have seen their theatre and their drama snatched from them and carried up to remote cliffs which they are unable to scale. Even the great spectacle plays produced by a Morris Gest are expressed in terms of art that are somehow vaguely disconcerting to these direct and simple people who are not concerned so much with art as with entertainment.

They have left to them the enormous "eye and ear" entertainments provided by our Mr. Ziegfelds. But even there, although the equivalent of the old gallery still exists in the large houses where such shows are given, the prices are often prohibitive. These theatres are filled chiefly by "out-of-towners," who have heard about the glorified American girl and who would no more think of missing her than of failing to see Grant's Tomb or the Woolworth Building.

But what is there for the Manhattanites, or for the outsiders who do not see Mr. Ziegfeld's glorifications? What has become of the gallery fan now that there is no gallery?

Well, there is now another and more satisfactory object on which to spend one's 25 or 50 cents for an evening's amusement—the moving pictures. Here for a fraction of what one must pay to listen to a play which may prove disappointing the audience may purchase comfortable seats and be served with music, variety acts, a news reel, a comedy and the play itself—generally well acted and more often than not on themes nearer and dearer to their hearts than the more dubious essays of the legitimate drama.

Vainly may the legitimate stage wrinkle its nose in contempt at this brother without a voice. Stand outside a moving-picture theatre some time and watch the long lines waiting to get to the box office. Go inside and be awed by the vastness of the place, with its great fluted pilars, its soft, rich-colored lights, its comfortable seats. It makes most legitimate playhouses look like puppet-shows in a parlor. Then mark the rapt silence in which the audience attends the performance—whisper if you dare!

In the moving-picture houses the gallery of the old theatre is swallowed up by the enormous balcony. Here each seat is as good as any other seat, and, as a matter of fact, the balcony seats are just as good as the orchestra seats—preferred by many. And there is no social significance in being caught sitting in the balcony of a moving-picture palace. Probably its real meaning is this: Here, in the movies, people have come solely for entertainment. They do not dress in dinner jackets and evening gowns; they do not wear their newest hats or display jewels; they come for fun, and all the social side that has been so closely coupled with attendance at a "legitimate" play is discarded.

Compared with the subtle but strong undercurrent of formality at a theatre, the movies breathe the atmosphere of a joyous holiday; the easy unrestraint of a family outing. There is the relaxation of relief, and a complete devotion to the entertainment on hand that one used to find somewhere—some time—in the old theatre.

Where? Why, in the gallery! The moving-picture theatre is simply one great, glorified gallery. Dignified with pleasant surroundings, sumptuously served, those who once upon a time meekly paid their fraction of a dollar to sit uncomfortably among the gloomy shadows clinging against the roof of the theatre—these same meek ones now sit in grandeaur, having been provided with a very remarkable diversion.

NEW ENGLAND'S VIRGIN FOREST

(Continued from Page 20)

have contributed the money to save the trees.

"I think it is of great importance to save this forest for two reasons," said Professor Fisher. "In the first place it will be of interest to people in general and to all nature lovers to have one authentic primeval forest left to look at. This forest can never be reproduced, and it is of interest to everybody to see what the original, primeval forest looked like.

"Secondly, it will be very important from a scientific point of view, both for the study of botany and forestry. We can't learn to grow a forest such as this one again, but we can, by the study of nature undisturbed, learn a great deal about the scientific control of nature. We will never have a forest like this again, but we could learn how to grow good forests from the study of the processes that go on here.

"So the preservation of this forest would have a great scientific, as well as a popular and cultural significance. I would not want to see it made into a public park, but would like to see it under the joint supervision of the Harvard and Yale Forestry Schools, or some such arrangement. The public could then enjoy the forest, as they do the Harvard Forest at Petersham, but it would be available for scientific study.

"Such a forest, if left to itself, will remain a forest forever. These trees are now from two to three hundred years old. As the oldest ones decay and fall, the younger ones grow larger and take their places. The gradual decay of the older trees is made up for by the growth of the younger ones. If left alone, it will remain a primeval forest forever."

Similar sentiments are expressed by Philip W. Ayres, Forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, which is now cooperating with Professor Fisher in an effort to save the primeval forest. As Mr. Ayres puts it: "There ought to be a few places left in the world where the work of the Almighty is not spoiled. He has been about a million years getting this forest ready for us, and we can spoil it in a few months. This is by far the most important stand of original pine timber left in New England. There is nothing like it anywhere, either in extent, or in the size of the trees. We have here thirty or more acres that have never been touched by the hand of man. It ought to be preserved by a group of scientists for the future study of the proper conditions of forest growth."

Should the Harvard Forestry Department succeed in raising the necessary funds before the option on the virgin forest expires, Mr. Ayres thinks that the State of New Hampshire would probably exempt the forest from future taxation. "They are very chary about exempting any property from taxation," he said, "but if it were used for purely educational purposes I believe they would do it."

Others, including William A. L. Baxeley, Director of the Massachusetts Department of Forestry, and Harris T. Reynolds, Secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, are deeply interested in Professor Fisher's efforts. Mr. Baxeley believes that the forest should be a scientific reserve; Mr. Reynolds says: "We ought to know how long a white pine will live and how large it will grow. It is only by saving a bit of our primeval forest that we can know what can be expected of our future crops of forests, but it should be saved especially from the viewpoint of the beauty of our country for future generations to see."

ICE-CREAM IN 1794

AFTER all, America did not discover ice-cream. In 1794 Beethoven wrote from Vienna: "It is very warm here; the Viennese are afraid that it will soon be impossible for them to have any ice-creams, for, as the Winter was mild, ice is rare."

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SOMBRE ALLEN STREET LETS IN THE SUN

(Continued from Page 14)

the mart of the pickle sellers. Pickles, pickles everywhere. Great sour ones and tiny sweet ones. Pickles for a penny and pickles for a dime. There are jars and jars of them, laden on hand carts, exposed to every germ that blows. The black olives in their brine must not be forgotten. Nor the green peppers. And certainly no one would forget the jostling throng that gathers about the carts, intent upon its pickles.

Allen Street has one special distinction, the house of babies, owned by Max Dick, which stands at Rivington Street. Maybe it would be nearer the truth to say that Max Dick himself is the greatest distinction of Allen Street, the landlord who has kept rents at something like their old level, the landlord who welcomes tenants with babies. He proved it a few years ago by offering $50 for every pair of twins born under his roof. Each youngster is welcomed by Max Dick himself. There are picnics in the country for them in Summer and never a word about more rent to disturb the grown-ups.

Allen Street may lose the house of babies—in fact the house is doomed—but the good works of Max Dick will go on. He plans to settle his tenants in another house, rents as usual and rewards for twins included. It might be supposed that this arrangement would exactly suit his tenants, but the house of babies has come to hold a place in their affections not easily filled. They will move because they must, and be delighted to have so kind a landlord, but there never really could be another such tenement.

Old Timers Regretful

All along Allen Street there is regret over the coming of improvements. Little groups have gathered in the shadow of the elevated road these last few days and, between the roarings of trains, have discussed the wisdom of the city fathers who decree the alteration of their street. Many heads have shaken and many tongues have muttered disconsolately, so true is it that men love best what is nearest and best understood.

But soon Allen Street will not be what it was. Its reclamation will wipe out a byway that has long attracted visitors and also has been used for somewhat unsavory advertising. No film "drammer" of east side life would be complete without a few scenes from Allen Street, preferably with the villain fleeing among its shadows, pistol in hand. It is just the kind of scene that makes the good folk back home give thanks they do not live in such a forbidding place. Allen Street has been invaluable to the movies, with such excellent "local color" that we may be sure the producers will regret the passing of its character.

One glance into the "old law" tenements shows that the building code of thirty or forty years ago was a strange instrument. Hallways are so narrow that two persons in them cannot pass comfortably. Stairs are even narrower. Gas lights flicker everywhere. Dark basements yawn, and prison-like entrances lead to inner courts. When rain falls, Allen Street is the last to dry. When the day is warm, it becomes an oven. At any and all times Allen Street is a perfect setting for a movie of wretchedness and desperate deeds, yet the worst crime of its normal dwellers in called poverty.

If the street is uninviting by day, it becomes appalling by night. Then the visitor should start from the end which joins it to First Avenue, crossed by East Houston. The avenue flares wider than Allen Street, producing the effect of a square. Above is an elevated station, over the way a theatre. On almost any night a half dozen representatives of the great order of soapbox orators may be found in the square, busy with their themes. A half dozen causes are argued from as many boxes while a silent circle listens to each. Individuals go from one group to another until they find the speaker and the theme suited to their taste.

Then, walking southward from the square, the visitor may see Allen Street in its full ragged panoply. Now it is that the lights burn dimly and the merchandise they illuminate appears in all its odd disparity. Surely no shop windows in the world ever held a wider assortment of wares. The thick, comfortable quilts seem a little unseasonable, but Allen Street has quilts to sell, warm weather or cold. It is a street of utility and not of philosophy. He who deals in blankets cannot change his trade to meet the whims of weather.

Walking along in the gloom, one might think himself in any Old World street. Listen to any passer-by, and nine times in ten he will be speaking an alien language. Look at the windows, and naught but foreign words appear. This, indeed, is a byway of Europe, or the Levant of the past. The roaring elevated road alone connects it with America. Trains pass at intervals of a few minutes, and their noise vibrates through the length of Allen Street. Fire-escapes bear their family parties, and discourse is held across the narrow way. A medley of radio programs sounds between the passage of trains.

A year from now Allen Street will wear another guise. This last stronghold of the slums is to give way before the plans to open thoroughfares for north and south traffic. It is the logical outlet of First Avenue southward to Delancey Street. When next Summer's sun shines where the Allen Street tenements now stand, it will bring with it a new and brighter day in east side development.

NEW YORK HAS DUTCH HABITS

(Continued from Page 19)

benches or stood at their writing tables ready to read the alphabet book or recite the catechisms and the "Christian punishments," while near by was the dreaded rod.

Most amazing of all, perhaps, is the way in which that handful of Dutch traders 300 years ago fixed the present character of New York City. It is in his inner nature even more than in his outward idiosyncrasies that Father Knickerbocker shows his Dutch origin. The commercialism, the cosmopolitanism, the gayety, the tolerance of race and creed that distinguish him today were fixed in him by the Dutch. Consistently throughout the centuries travelers have remarked these as his peculiar characteristics.

Of all the Colonies in the New World New Amsterdam alone was frankly commercial. It was founded not as an asylum for a religious sect, not as an agricultural, industrial or fishing station, but solely as a place of barter and exchange. The Dutch eye was shrewd, and the site it chose is the commercial metropolis of America today. Even the commercial centre of the city is the one the Dutch selected. Our Broad Street, on which the Stock Exchange stands, follows the course of the canal that formed the main highway of the Dutchmen's traffic.

If New York is the most truly cosmopolitan place in the country today, it was definitely made so by the Dutch in the seventeenth century. While New England and Virginia were frowning on foreigners, and even passing laws discriminating against them, New Amsterdam stood open to all comers. You might, says John Fiske, have gone all the way from Penobscot to the Harlem River without hearing any other civilized tongue than English spoken. But on the Island of Manhattan in 1643 you could have heard eighteen different European languages in daily use. In the newly founded village of New Harlem, in 1661, the heads of families were eleven Frenchmen, four Walloons, seven Dutchmen, four Danes, three Swedes and three Germans. In New Amsterdam free negroes were recognized to the extent of being allowed to own real estate.

Even the English colonists at an early day acquired the habit of fleeing to New Netherland from the religious persecutions of the New Englanders. While the official religion of the Dutch colony was Calvinist, it was here that the Roman Catholic Father Jogues, in 1643, found asylum after his martyrdom by the Iroquois. Here Anabaptists, Mennonites, Quakers and Puritans came in their flight from Europe. Here, too, were admitted the first Jews, the only stipulation being that they should care for their own poor. "Their (the New Yorkers') doors," wrote a lyric Englishman in 1670, "stand wide open to let charity in or out, either to assist each other or relieve a stranger."

How marked the contrast was between the suspicious caution of the New Englanders and the hospitality of the colonial Dutch is shown by the experience of two Labadist fathers who traveled through the American colonies in 1679. From New York, where they had been royally entertained, they went to Boston. There a Mr. Taylor, on whom they called, said, "we must be pleased to excuse him if he did not give us admission to his house; he durst not do it, in consequence of there being a certain evil report in the city concerning us. * * * They said we were certainly Jesuits, who had come here for no good; for we were quiet and modest and an entirely different sort of people from themselves." When, on their return, the Labadists came upon a Dutch settlement again, they wrote: "They are most all Dutch people who live here, and we were again among the right kind of people. * * * We stepped into a house and were welcome."

So throughout the Colonial period and the early Republic, New York was known as "one of the most social places on the continent," the Mecca of those seeking a good time. Even the sedate Martha Washington was "hurt at the idea of bidding adieu to these hospitable shores." About the same time Mrs. Anne Grant wrote of New York: "Society was there more various and polished than in any other part of the continent"; and in 1812 Horatio Seymour was still insisting that "the emigrant from every nation finds himself here at home."

What the Dutch had chiefly brought to America and embodied in New York was the institution of the city and the spirit of the city—worldly, sophisticated, tolerant, gay; our chief antidote against provincialism.

A TROLLEYLESS STATE.

To one who has lived all his life in the East it may seem almost incredible that there should be a whole State where the clang of the trolley bell is never heard. Imagine New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut without trolley cars! Yet Wyoming has none, and Wyoming is nearly as large as these three States combined. In its 97,914 square miles only the steam railroad and the bus are available for public transportation.

The four cities of Wyoming are served exclusively by bus for local travel. In two of the four cities—Cheyenne and Sheridan—electric railways were discontinued and buses substituted for them. In Casper and Laramie trolley tracks were never laid. Buses have provided all the local transportation they have ever had.

Two companies operate in Cheyenne. One charges a five-cent fare, while the other sells four tickets for 25 cents. In Casper and Sheridan the fare is 5 cents; in Laramie the company gets 10 cents for each ride.

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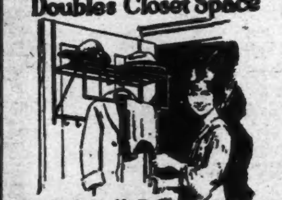

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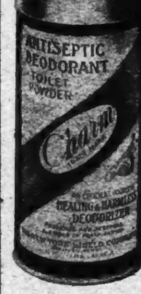

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HAMLET'S TOWN IS NOW 500 YEARS OLD

(Continued from Page 12)

Shakespeare himself, down to those of Sarah Bernhardt and Sir Herbert Tree.

No monument is there to commemorate Shakespeare's use of the castle as the setting for "Hamlet." There have been productions of "Hamlet" outside the castle, but none in the courtyard, because the courtyard was closed to the public as long as the castle was garrisoned. The tercentenary of Shakespeare's death was observed in 1916 by a production of "Hamlet" on the flag battery—the "platform before the castle" on which Shakespeare laid the first scene—but the "phut-phut" of motor boats on the Sound, the deep monotone of the steamers entering and leaving the Baltic proved to be too distracting a handicap.

There is little doubt that "Hamlet" can be satisfactorily produced in the courtyard, and this Elsinore plans to do at regular intervals in the future, possibly annually, possibly once every five years.

July and the first half of August will be devoted to pageantry. Today medieval processions of bishops, monks, nuns and mounted knights in plumes and armor are to wind through its streets, while the church bells peal and the choirs revive the old music of the Elsinore composer Buxtehude. The harbor is to be blessed by the Bishop in accordance with the medieval ritual. There will be a representation of the trial of eight witches and their burning at the stake on the old Elsinore execution ground in illustration of a gruesome day's work in 1624.

In the jousting tournaments a hundred cavalry officers of the Royal Hussars will participate. The ox roasts, the broaching of barrels of beer, are to be representative of festivities with which Frederick II celebrated the completion of Kronborg Castle. Fishermen of the north and south coasts will hold competitions in the harbor; the old market days in the streets with the peasantry in their old costumes will be re-enacted.

A Full Summer

So rich and varied a program has Elsinore set itself that only the outlines can be given here. On June 4 the King inaugurated the program; yesterday, the Prime Minister was to open the exhibition that accompanies it. All this week will be devoted to Elsinore's soberly clerical medieval days, each day's program to culminate in the production in the evening of the old morality play "Everyman," in the courtyard of the town's finest medieval building, the old Carmelite monastery.

The kingly grandeur and the courtly sparkle of Renaissance days will be pictured all next week. "The Taming of the Shrew" will be played every evening in the courtyard of Kronborg Castle. For July 17 and 18 "Jeppe on the Hill," the best known comedy of that Danish Voltaire, Ludwig Holberg, is announced. July 25 has been set apart for the Nordic Society as Scandinavian Day, and 5,000 Swedes are expected to participate in its program. A sports week, a flower week and an agricultural week will carry the festival toward its end, on Aug. 15.

Johannes Poulsen of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the most distinguished director in Denmark, has been enlisted as theatrical producer. In Renaissance week, July 11 to 16, "The Taming of the Shrew" has been substituted for "Hamlet," much to the disappointment of tourists. It was at first intended to engage Signe Koltoff of the Royal Theatre in Stockholm for the rôle of Ophelia, but that proved impossible, and the resultant casting difficulties made it necessary to drop "Hamlet." The Royal Theatre in Copenhagen is now supplying the entire cast for "The Taming of the Shrew," with Herr Poulsen in the rôle of Petruchio.

"Our criterion throughout the Elsinore program is one of absolute historical truth," Herr Poulsen told a caller in his Copenhagen apartment a few days ago. "We know that the strolling English players of Shakespeare's time were accustomed to play in the courtyards of inns, and that the companies whom Frederik II brought to Kronborg followed the custom of the time. Accordingly, our use of the courtyard of the castle is historically correct.

"To carry accuracy further, we shall erect an exact copy of the stage of the old Swan Theatre in London. Only one contemporary drawing of the old Swan's stage exists. It was made on the spot by Jan de Witt in 1596 and is still preserved at Utrecht in Holland. Our stage is to be built from this drawing, and it is on this correct medieval stage that we shall produce Shakespeare in the courtyard of the castle. It is the first time this has been done by any modern producer."

INDIA UNDER A PARLIAMENT

(Continued from Page 15)

Britain. Since the House of Commons at Delhi can, if it wishes, kill a measure at any moment by a direct vote, there is no reason for obstruction or a filibuster. The House has no reason to prevent legislation by wasting time. Talk for the sake of talking is thus reduced to a minimum.

Sir Frederick was reminded that the House of Commons at Delhi, though it can vote down the Government, is not supreme. "That is true," he acknowledged. "If the House rejects a measure, the Viceroy can still enact it. But during my term of office this only happened three times, which, under all the circumstances, must be regarded as evidence of smooth working."

In one case Speaker Whyte was compelled to disallow a bill because it dealt with a matter still under the authority of the Imperial Parliament in London. But he advised the proposer to move a resolution conveying a petition to the Imperial Parliament that the bill be passed. The procedure is familiar in Canada, where in recent years the idea of "a petition" to Westminster has been somewhat resented. But in India the procedure has achieved without friction the end desired.

Parliamentary institutions are affecting the life of women. Indeed, age-long etiquette is under gradual modification. For instance, a well-known lady, living in purdah, invited the Speaker's wife to luncheon, and only women were present. As return of the hospitality the lady was invited to tea at the Speaker's residence. Again only women were present.

"Where is your husband?" was the first question of the guest.

"I did not think you would wish to meet him," answered the hostess.

The guest at once made it clear that purdah, in her case, however strictly observed where Indian society was involved, did not extend to Western occasions. There are, indeed, not a few ladies who live in purdah in India but leave purdah behind when they cross the ocean.

Many women exercise the vote. It is true of Madras and, in an even stranger case, of Burma. When the Constitution was established Burma was omitted. Burma resented it. Speaker Whyte, therefore, was asked to assist in devising a franchise for Burma on which Legislatures could be elected. Property qualifications were adopted. Then it was discovered that in Upper Burma it was often the women who held the property! After due reference to public opinion more than 600,000 of these Burmese women have been enfranchised.

After his term of office Sir Frederick Whyte left Delhi for the simple reason that the Parliament of India no longer needed a British Speaker. India could—and does—fill her own chair. Her Speaker today is the Hon. V. J. Patel, a true son of Asia.

There is hardly a doubt now that in 1929, when the Constitution of India, having been subjected to a test for ten years, is to be revised and broadened, the experience of Sir Frederick Whyte will enable him to render a further service to the progress of liberty in the East.

JEFFERSON'S WORK GOES ON

(Continued from Page 7)

was a triumph for Jefferson's bitterest political foes. Randolph, with apt humor, compared the four years of the second Administration to the seven lean kine of Pharaoh's dream, which rose from the river to devour their fat predecessors.

Three days after his divided Congress had forced him to abandon the embargo Jefferson retired from the White House to seek rest and comfort in his books and gardens at Monticello. He was already in his sixty-eighth year, but was destined to live eighteen years longer, with his superb mental powers unimpared and his insatiable intellectual curiosity undiminished.

The declining years of his life were devoted to one of the dearest projects and grandest services of his long career of service, the founding of the University of Virginia, the first undenominational, self-governing institution of the liberal arts and sciences in our country, and the model for colleges and universities all over the land in such features as the elective curriculum, student self-government, the emphasis on the sciences and the modern language and complete freedom of teaching.

When Jefferson wrote the epitaph which is engraved on the simple granite shaft that stands above his grave at Monticello he asked to be remembered as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and as the Father of the University of Virginia.

As Lord Acton pointed out many years ago, it is fair to judge the performances of men only according to their talents. Thomas Jefferson was not a soldier or an orator. He lacked the genial humor of Franklin and the divine directness of Lincoln. Even politics, in which he attained a masterly and not always unimpeachable proficiency, was but a means to his supreme end.

His genius was humanitarian. Liberty was his goddess. And to her worship and service in every field of human interest, social, intellectual, religious, educational, political, he was unswervingly faithful to the end. His life was an ornament to his country. His memory will be a lasting blessing to posterity.

A SLIDE FOR KINGS.

IN the crater of Haleakala is the Cave of the North Wind, Halealhele. Haleakala is an extinct volcano on Maui, one of the Hawaiian Islands. Down from the crater runs a long, slippery track. It is the ancient toboggan-slide of kings.

In ancient times none but those of royal blood or the "Alii" chiefs might use the slides. The "holua" track was coverered with smooth grass and slippery ti-leaves, down which royalty and nobility would go with a grand and glorious rush, on a sled with narrow runners. Another of these "holua" slides can be seen at the present time; it runs down from the crater of Diamond Head in Honolulu.

Ordinary Hawaiians had to content themselves with steep mountain slopes. The tobogganing sport is very popular in Hawaii today, and is especially in favor with members of the Trail and Mountain Club.

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MATCHLESS AGE HAD ODD DEVICES

Getting a Light Was Arduous Before Johnny Walker Made the Match

By V. M. HILLYER

A MATCH, the common wooden match, is about the cheapest commodity you can buy. And yet there is in existence a single match, hardly distinguishable from the common household variety, for which a collector has been known to pay an amount that, as my Aunt Minnie used to say, would keep a starving Armenian alive for a year.

Why is he not put in an asylum for the feeble-minded? Because, so far as is known, there are only eleven such matches in existence. Nine of those are in museums. They were made just 100 years ago, by Johnny Walker, a chemist at Stockton-on-Tees; and the reason they are so absurdly valuable is because they were the first matches in the world.

In some respects the human race has been unbelievably backward. For thousands upon thousands of years, until Johnny Walker came along, it had "gott a light" only by arduous struggles with inert matter—by rubbing two sticks together or striking flint against steel.

Even such enlightened people as the Greeks and Romans got their fire by borrowing it from public or private flames, kept perpetually burning. Making a light was a secret of the priesthood and keeping it alight the function of the vestal virgins.

Savage tribes got a light with a fire drill, or "bow" or "plow." The native rapidly twisted a stick of wood between the palms of his hands, while holding it vertically against another piece known as the "hearth," which he held on the ground with his feet. Or he used a bow to twist the stick; or he rubbed the point of a piece of wood back and forth in a groove in the hearth.

The commonest method of making a light in civilized countries since the beginning of the Iron Age, has been by striking a hard stone, usually flint, against iron or steel. The flint, used like a hatchet, chopped off from the steel a tiny particle which was made white hot by the blow. This spark was caught on some very inflammable substance, such as dried grass or charred fibre, called tinder.

The Earliest Fire-Steel

But the flint-and-steel method was not generally known or practiced until several centuries after the birth of Christ. The earliest known fire-steel was excavated from the tombs of the Merovingian kings near Rheims and dates from the sixth century. There is a silver buckle by which it could be attached to the girdle of the monarch or his royal henchman. The sides are set with flakes of virgin gold and gems made of ruby glass—glass colored red by the use of gold or copper at that time being prized as jewels. The steel edge is deeply corroded, but has the curved outline characteristic of practically all later fire-steels.

If you are looking for something difficult to collect, something that depends on long and diligent search rather than on the size of your pocketbook, I recommend the collection of fire-making devices. Although at one time as common as pen knives, and in such general use that everybody must have had at least one, there are very few of them today.

Tinder was usually home-made from charred rags, but there was a commercial tinder which once upon a time you could buy anywhere, as nowadays you can soap. It was called "amadou" and was made from a large fungus. It looked, when sliced up, like sheets of chamois. I had found charred bits of amadou in old tinder boxes, but wanted a larger specimen for my collection. I asked Bidwell, a famous English collector, where some could be found. We began a search.

The streets of London, if placed end to end, would girdle the globe, as the graphic statistician says, and I think we walked half that distance. Up streets, down lanes, through passageways, across courts —no amadou. Chemists, tobacconists, grocers, hardware shops—no amadou. Finally, Bidwell said: "There is one last place—they'll have it if it is to be had." We stopped in front of a shop in a gloomy back street with "Founded A. D. 1571" over the door.

Without preliminaries he asked of a young clerk at the counter: "Have you any amadou?"

"No, sorry," came the answer.

In a rear room, behind a desk, sat a baldheaded old man.

"You're too young," Bidwell threw at the young man, as, without permission, he passed through a swinging barrier and put the same question to the bespectacled individual on his stool. This individual looked up, surprised, and, as if suddenly wakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, murmured: "Why, why, I think so," and departed to the lower regions.

A Chinese Dragon Pistol-Lighter.

In a short time he returned with a brown paper package covered with dust and cobwebs, like a bottle of vintage wine.

Although amadou was a factor in fire-making, it was not an interesting one. The "steels," however, were, as they partook of the character of the time or the person. They are, in other words, "collector's pieces."

The Saracens had an eye for beauty of line and proportion. They made a fire-steel with a ring by which it was suspended and a handhold shaped like a horn. It was of bronze—save, of course, the steel striking edge.

The beginning of the nineteenth century might be called the Iron Age in Germany, for on account of the Napoleonic wars even jewelry was made of iron, and exquisitely. This type of iron casting was known as Berlin metal. One of the pieces in my collection is a fire-steel, evidently intended for the use of a hunter, showing a hound attacking a stag—a beautiful piece of miniature sculpture.

Here is a field of collecting in which one does not have to be on guard against fakes. With one exception, I have never seen a fake. This exception is the common household variety of tinder-box, with its fire-steel. These are so common that every one who has an ancestor dating back to the Revolution should have at least one in his family as a relic of a bygone age.

The use of flint and steel for making a light was not confined to any one continent. In Thibet and China the usual form was a tinder-pouch known as a "chuck-muck," worn suspended from the girdle. The lower edge was made of steel for striking and the flint and tinder were kept within. Chuck-muck means "flint and steel" in Tibetan. I am told, but I advise you not to ask for one by that name. I did so only once. The dealer replied, with pitying scorn: "This is an antique shop. The bird and pet store is down the street."

For a thousand years or more man wrestled with this temper-trying, knuckle-nicking method of getting a light before any one was ingenious enough to devise an improvement. In 1626 the first flintlock gun was invented and made for Charles I, then Prince. It is now in the Tower of London.

Every one knows the method by which a flint hammer was discharged by a trigger against a piece of steel to produce a spark, which in turn fired the powder. This gave the idea for getting a light, in a similar way, by means of the "pistol-lighter." This was not really a pistol at all. There was a compartment in the barrel for sulphur-tipped sticks, and a socket at the side for a candle. When the trigger was pulled the flint hammer struck the steel lip, raising it. At the same time the spark fell on a bit of tinder in the pocket thus uncovered. The sulphur-tipped sticks were then used to carry a light from the burning tinder to the candle.

The Chinese were quick at copying the European idea. But the Chinese imitator imparted his Oriental symbolism to his product, giving it an imaginative touch that is most delightful. The handle was sometimes a dragon's head and the tongue flashed fire.

Toward the middle of the eighteenth century the pistol-lighters became, in some instances, quite elaborate and combined with other articles of domestic use. One of these in my collection is combined with a taper-stick, the wax taper being held in the scissors-like jaws and lighted as usual by sulphur sticks, kept in the drawer at the bottom of the stand. This is German, made in Potsdam, and supposed to have belonged to Frederick the Great. It was obtained in Paris from a faded blond in a faded pink wrapper, who had a moldy shop near St. Sulpice. She wrote verses on the backs of envelopes and smoked endless cigarettes.

The price she asked seemed to me exorbitant and I tried to bargain. I admired her verses and offered her some American cigarettes, but the price remained the same. As a last strategic move, I started out of the door, pausing on the threshold to make her a final offer. She merely smiled as she lighted one of my cigarettes and remarked: "Oh, you'll come back and the price will then be doubled."

I vowed never to return—and knowing all the time I should—for this was a unique piece and the price, in such a case, was of minor importance. I worried the rest of the day, spent a sleepless night and bright and early the next morning, swallowing my pride with my breakfast, returned.

Smiling sweetly, she said: "I told you the price today would be doubled."

The Shrewd Dealer

"Outrageous!" I would not be so imposed upon. She could keep the old thing. I stalked out. But as I went I heard her remark, still smiling sweetly:

"When you come back the price will be doubled again."

I got only as far as the corner this time when I knew I must have the fool thing at any price and, turning about, re-entered the shop. I furiously counted out the extra bills and without waiting for wrapping, momentarily in dread of another change of mind, grabbed the object and rushed away.

One ingenious pistol-lighter is combined with inkwell and pounce box. It is French and may also have belonged to the royal family. There are only a few of this style in existence, so I am told.

Then, just 200 years from the invention of the flintlock, and just 100 years ago, along came Johnny Walker, the chemist of Stockton-on-Tees, the Edison of lightmaking, with his little homely wooden stick tipped with brimstone at a shilling a box. Lighting was revolutionized. No longer did mankind have to grope around in the dark in his bare feet and skin his knuckles and break the Third Commandment to light the fire or the candle.

Johnny Walker—the man with the divine spark!

CITY CHILDREN AS FARMERS

(Continued from Page 10)

the first Dutchman landed it was the site of the busiest village on Manhattan. After it was sold, the Indians, being men of their word, moved away, but the district went right on being busy. Neither Dutch burgesses nor American politicians could turn aside the stream of life. The City Hall, with its politics, and Five Points, with its crimes; the Tombs, the Criminal Courts and the southern edge of the great skyscraper group, Chinatown and the Woolworth Tower, all cluster around that churning centre.

The Legend of Manetto

But the Indians moved to Brooklyn, and perhaps that was the beginning of the first vaudeville joke that featured it as a place of retirement. There is an Indian legend concerning that end of Long Island which is far more ominous. They say that Manetto, who was the most evil spirit they knew, fled down the Westchester coast to escape from the wrath of natives he had wronged. His way was blocked by the Sound shore, but he leaped to City Island, and then, being a devil of much resource, skipped nimbly from one Stepping Stone to another until he reached Flushing Bay. Here he was jumping so fast that he splintered the rocks he landed on, and left no footing for his pursuers. He fled on into Brooklyn, and no legend has ever moved him out.

The Bronx, too, had numerous villages and gardens, and for their produce the Manhattan Indians traded fish and the furs which they got from northern Red Men. Several sites of Bronx villages have been exhaustively explored by the Museum of the American Indian, and it is in that borough that the museum established its first Indian garden.

The Bronx garden is much more ambitious than the tiny one on Avenue A. Children from the nearest school take care of it under the watchful eye of Leonard Drake. Almost at the end of the Pelham Branch of the subway, it lies on that happy northern shoulder of New York City where forest trees and heavy underbrush make fine shelters for playing children. It does not take much imagination to people almost any corner with silent braves and Indian maidens.

Last year the crops that grew in the United States from our Indian legacy were worth about five billion dollars. These tiny city replicas of the original gardens will render a distinct service if they remind us of the debt we owe. Historian and story writer have overstressed the fact that the Indians were our enemies. But in this matter of growing things the Red Men were surely our friends and benefactors.

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NEW TURKEY CLINGS TO OLD ISLAM WAYS

(Continued from Page 11)

Prophet—wise, kind and submissive to the higher will. He has no temporal ambitions, but is content to direct the administration of the mosques and to settle theological questions as they arise in Turkey or among the scattered Moslems of the Balkan States. His name is Rifat Hodja. He is a native of Angora, and venerable by virtue of his 65 years.

Rifat Hodja received me gravely, seated at his desk behind a massive silver inkwell. The warmth of an eastern sun pierced the curtains of frayed tapestry at the windows. Sunlight poured upon his face, brown like aged parchment, and made his white beard glisten. He sat with one foot under him in an attitude of impenetrable dignity and peace.

Old-fashioned in his habits is Rifat Hodja, but not fanatically minded. He was liberal enough to pose for his photograph, though I noticed that he refrained from looking into the camera's lens. Undoubtedly he performs his prayers five times a day, yet he referred with pride to the forthcoming translation of the Koran from Arabic into Turkish—the first official translation of the sacred book, which is expected to play a rôle in Islamic history only a little less sensational than that played by the Lutheran Bible in the history of the Church.

In answer to a question Rifat Hadja said that sermons in the mosques may now be preached in Turkish, but that prayers are to retain their original Arabic form. He said that Islam in Turkey appears to be following much the same steps as were taken by the Protestant Reformation in Europe.

This is a truthful estimate, and it presents a paradox that can only be matched for irony in the story of the Tudor Reformation in England. The leaders of the Turkish Republic are admittedly free thinking. Their interests are in the affairs of this world. In the course of a social and political house cleaning they have incidentally become involved in bringing the faith of the nation up to date. They find themselves quite inadvertently the bearers of new tidings to Islam; prophets of religious change.

To be accounted a Moslem today, it is only necessary to assert your belief in a single God and in Mohammed as his prophet. The four remaining cardinal doctrines of Mohammed have become optional: Prayers, almsgiving, pilgrimage and fasting during Ramazan. If their performance has waned, this must be laid partly to the lack of legal pressure, partly to hard times.

Old Customs Die Out

The prevalence of poverty in Turkey has certainly done much to reduce the systematic alms giving of the old days. As for the practice of pilgrimage, it hardly exists at all; the flocks of storks that fly each Spring to Mecca and the South are almost the only visitors from Anatolia to the holy places. (This is due, in a measure, to the strained relations with the Government of Hedjas that followed the Great War and have only recently been remedied.)

Finally, the fast of Ramazan is no longer enforced by law, and although one still sees men fingering their amber prayerbeads religiously during Ramazan to distract their thoughts from food, it cannot be denied that the custom of fasting is less general than it used to be.

It is true that in the primary schools of Turkey one hour of religious instruction a week is still required. But in the higher schools, the sciences are stressed and the teachings of evolution are respected far more than in Tennessee. It is no longer compulsory for Mohammedan schoolboys to say their prayers, and when I visited the Lycée de Galata Serrail (the largest boys' school in Turkey) I saw a natural result of this liberty.

In the basement of the school was a room fitted up as a mosque, with an alcove facing the East, and soft rugs on the floor. This room, I was told, used to be twice as large. But so rarely do the schoolboys go of their own free will to pray, that the thrifty principal has partitioned off part of the little mosque and turned the excess space into a manual training workshop.

From such signs one is led to inquire whether the next generation in Turkey will forsake completely the faith of its fathers. I should say that this is unlikely; but the degree to which the Protestant Church of Islam holds its people will depend surely upon the rise of enlightened men within the Church; men who can integrate what remains of the Islamic doctrine. In this respect, the Commentary that will be attached to the new translation of the Koran may be of service.

Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that the last Ramazan season showed an unusual attendance at the mosques. This may be explained as a display of loyalty to the Faith, or, more simply, as the ardor of awakening Spring. Although the Turks adopted the Western calendar several years ago, their religious holidays still shift seasons according to the lunar year. This time the Ramazan came in March and April.

There were flower sellers everywhere in the streets of Pera, offering for a song great fluffy bunches of mimosa and trays of long-stemmed violets. The fire of an Eastern Spring charged the air, quickening the crowds that paraded all night long down Princess Street in Stamboul. On that street traffic was, as usual, forbidden during the evenings of Ramazan. The shops and shooting galleries were packed, and the cinemas never closed until morning.

Illuminated Credo

Each day for thirty days a cannon saluted the sun as it dipped below the curve of the Golden Horn. The voices of muezzins began from the minarets, rising and falling on the tepid air as they summoned the crowds to prayer. And after the sunset prayer, when the day of fasting was formally over, the night of promenades and revelry began. The drums of Ramazan sounded until sunrise, hollow and troubling, like fevered pulses in the darkness.

Under the stars the minarets were crowned with electric bulbs, and on the sky was flung the lighted credo of Islam: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." These electric texts were the only visible signs that the Turkish Republic is illumining Islam with the white light of reason.

DRAFTING OF THE DECLARATION

(Continued from Page 5)

had friends in England worth keeping terms with," Jefferson wrote, "still haunted the minds of many. For this reason those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offense. The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving of the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who on the contrary still wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people have very few slaves themselves, yet they have been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

And so, against Jefferson's will, the foregoing paragraphs were struck out. The care with which he composed them, as evinced by his rough draft manuscript, heightened Jefferson's pain when they were voted out, so that it is no wonder that Franklin sought to comfort him with the story, told in Mr. Duffus's article in this issue of what happened to the sign of Thompson the hatter.

At the time, and for thirty or forty years afterward, little public interest was shown in incidents connected with the drafting and signing of the Declaration. Each year, however, the anniversary of the signing was noisily celebrated. The observance began in Philadelphia in 1777, when, in connection with July 4 patriotic exercises, the Hessian band captured at Trenton the Winter before was compelled to render "appropriate musick." So close were men still to the event itself, that it was the fact and not the deed that was celebrated.

Franklin died in 1790, without being prompted by public curiosity to set down his recollections of details leading up to the signing. Jefferson and Adams were silent, apparently failing to recognize the historical significance of their actions. Makers of history are rarely writers of history. A printer's dispute was the cause of bringing to light most of what is known today.

In 1810 one William P. Gardner, a Government clerk, conceived the idea of publishing and selling a decorative copy of the Declaration. Six years thereafter this idea was taken up by John Binns, a Philadelphia publisher, who advertised his intention of putting such a copy on the market.

In 1817, a year later, Benjamin Owen Tyler, a professional penman, obtained permission to copy the Declaration and to make facsimilies of the signatures. Owen engrossed the text of the Declaration, ornamented with examples of fancy penmanship and lettering, and his facsimile signatures were pronounced by Acting Secretary of State Rush to be "curiously exact imitation."

Publisher Binns was doubly discomfited. He had been forestalled, and, what was worse, the usurper was making money. He launched an attack on Tyler and put on the market an even more ornamental copy of the Declaration. Tyler countered with printed assaults upon Binns.

The result was financially satisfactory to both Tyler and Binns. The public read the printed broadsides the printers hurled at each other and bought thousands of copies of the Declaration. Copies were to be found in almost every home. Public interest in the Declaration was aroused to such an extent that in 1823 Thomas Pinckney, in the course of a July 4 address at Salem, revealed several incidents connected with the drafting of the Declaration, which, he said, he had obtained from Adams.

Pinckey's speech was widely quoted, and Jefferson took exception to a number of statements, for which Adams was given as authority.

"Mr. Adams's memory has led him into unquestionable error," Jefferson wrote. "At the age 88, and forty-seven years after the transactions of independence, this is not wonderful, nor should I, at the age of 80, * * * venture to oppose my memory to him, were it not supported by written notes taken by myself at the moment and on the spot."

But the only "notes taken at the moment and on the spot" found among Jefferson's papers were about twenty-five words to the effect that he was chosen by the committee of five to draft the Declaration. Also among Jefferson's papers was his rough draft. Mr. Fitzpatrick is of the opinion that it was about the time of Pinckney's Salem speech that Jefferson made his marginal notes. It is plain, however, that Jefferson's notes were not made in 1776. Filed away for years, the rough draft broke along one of the folds. To strengthen it Jefferson pasted a strip of paper across the tear.

Moreover, comparison of the handwriting of the rough draft and the marginal notes shows the latter, in a hand crabbed with age; clearly they were not written in 1776, by a man 33 years old. Not all the changes made by Franklin are indicated, to be sure; nevertheless, but for the rivalry of Messrs. Binns and Tyler, Jefferson might not have been encouraged to tell even as much as he has.

"Ee—yow—oo,yo' rock crushah—" groans the suffering Mr. Satterwait, "leave loose mah toes and stummick!" But his fellow members of the Elite Vim and Social Club have little sympathy . . . "Twist him again, Caesar!" they shouted. "Make him pay fo' dose t'ings he done said 'bout Miss Syringa!"

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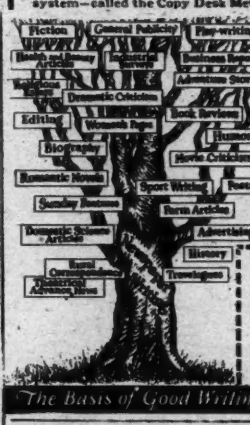

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Vermont is peculiarly adapted to "summer homes" development. Far enough from the busy industrial centers to maintain forever her unspoiled natural beauty, Vermont, by virtue of her versatile scenic attractions and marvelous summer climate offers every ingredient for living the life that rejuvenates. Whether your fancy turns to the pretentious summer estate or the modest homey cottage your only confusion will be in finding so much in Vermont from which to choose.

You Must Come and See

Make your vacation trip this summer a home-hunting expedition. That, in itself, will provide the thrill that is different. Plan a Vermont trip. Write for the Vermont books mentioned above, and wander about at your leisure. You'll agree that only a part of the story about your "place in Vermont" can be told in words.

Hundreds of inexpensive places —just waiting for the magic touch of the enthusiast

Recognizing the trend toward "summer homes" development, the State of Vermont has collected and published in book form information regarding properties for sale. This official book, "Farms and Summer Homes for Sale," will be mailed free to those interested in owning their own summer home. Over five hundred places are described. These are typical of hundreds more that you will see in your travels if you visit Vermont this summer.

Vermont Publicity Bureau, Montpelier, Vermont, *and* Vermont State Chamber of Commerce, Burlington, Vermont